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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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THE DUAL CABELL
(*Drawing by Papé*)

Radical Conservatism

WHAT writers and readers need at the moment is a dose of radical conservatism. The literary period of the twenties is as obsolete as the industrial age of the twenties. The epoch of extravagant experiment is nearing the end, both in prosperity and in books. The new economic order which was to have no resemblance to the sweat-and-save methods of the past is now a jest, and the innovations by which novels were to become essays; plays, sermons; poems, crossword puzzles; and biographies, psychoanalyses, have exposed their absurdidies and already contributed their useful novelties to the stock of tools of the writing trade. Our break with the Victorian age has been made so complete that we can read Tennyson with the detachment of a Frenchman or a Chinese. Our break with the preciosity of the nineties, and with its romantic enthusiasm, is so sharp that already affection is beginning to creep back into the comments of this end-of-a-period upon the *fin de siècle*. Mr. Mencken no longer rages against the stuffend shirts of tradition for they are no longer dangerous. It is not smart to be rebellious any more, and even the communist intellectuals are more interested in building a future than in whacking their ancestors.

What new loyalties (see Mr. Hale's recent book), what new creations for housing the imagination, may come of all this, we do not attempt to prophesy. But this surely may be said: that the time has come to salvage the good wood from the general wreckage that has been made of the efforts of the last generation. We have seen a forestry operation conducted on our plot of culture. The dead branches have been lopped, the rotten trees axed, the soft and worthless growths cleared away (and many a green and pretentious reputation crashed with them!), and the suppressed undergrowth has shot up with a brutal vigor. But the time has come now for planting, which means to consider the soil and to look carefully at the trees which still survive our pruning. The old oaks and the stout hickories have, it may prove, lasting virtues. They sit the soil; there is something to be learned from them.

For no age has made a clean sweep of its past, and every age of transition reaches a moment when it becomes more important to determine what was desirable in the old régime than to invent novelties or destroy what seems outworn. We have reached that moment, and it is the duty of those whose experience goes back to the last decade of relative stability to admit honestly the desuetude of much that seemed important, but to defend resolutely those things which still deserve good report. This is a hard task, for it is difficult, after the twenties, to renounce prejudice, admit error, accept change, and yet hold fast to a residuum of good. But it is essential.

In other words, these new years of the thirties seem likely to be years of stabilization in literature, and perhaps in economics. We know too much, and are doing too little. Theories, literary and economic, are as plentiful as blueberries in Maine. The writer can say what he pleases, and say it as he pleases, up to the point of unintelligibility, and, some would say, beyond. He needs roots now more than new hybridization of flowers. A little conservatism would do him good.

But it is conservatism, in its true sense, not reaction, which is meant. And true conservatism is always radical. It seeks to save from the past only what is alive; it seeks to make for the future only something as radically different from the past as is the generation it works in. Real radicalism, in short, in this moment of time, would be conservative.

There are many signs that the boys and girls now in their earliest twenties are in this mood already. They are ten times more frank and more honest than were their parents in the nineties, in part because no one has fed them on illusions. Yet their honesty is no longer rebellious, perhaps because it is no longer suppressed by a complacent authority. The war shattered that complacency, and 1929-1932 has wrecked it completely. The anarchy and the cynicism of the twenties seem to appeal to this youth not at all. They are looking for ground to stand on, and will choose it without prejudice. But they show not the slightest likelihood of being, or of working, like their parents. Their prose and poetry, now that it is beginning to represent them, is not reactionary, not imitative beyond what is usual in youth, yet it is conservative, radically conservative, in that it seems to be reaching back to what is still alive after all the buffetings of the "new world" men of our age of anarchy, in order from such solidity to build something radically new. At the moment this is scarcely more than a prophecy, but tomorrow it may become fact.

Good-Bye to You

By JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

NOW the tensile heart-strings snap,
Pulled beyond enduring;
Let me go, though I fall,
Though you subtract past curing

The lime, the substance of my bones,
That they buckle sprawling,
Too spongy to uphold the heart
Rock-ribs were lately walling.

From you who gave my body life
Surely as did my mother
I turn one doleful, springless foot
Away and then the other.

Though ribs once wrapped me round compact
With swaddling-bands, the lusty
And greening child no longer I
But the mummy yellow-dusty.

Now the morbid, cankered limbs
Are constrained to hurry;
Let me go. Hold not one
Only ripe to bury.

Art, Beauty, and Balderdash

By BRANCH CABELL

BECAUSE of my own peccadilloes in print I was privileged no great while ago to attend a gathering of some forty professional writers under frankly educational auspices. We responded, it may be, to our auspices. In any case, affairs had reached the stage called "an open discussion" of I never discovered just what, and the refrain of our morning-long liturgy stayed constant.

One after another these somewhat strange looking persons—for authorship, whatever it may do for the mind, does not beautify the body—arose and coughed. Thereafter each so deferentially cleared throat spoke with dauntless conviction of our duty—of our multifold duties to the public, to art, to altruism, to posterity, to the American spirit (for it was generally agreed that our masterworks ought to be "autochthonous"), and I even heard two elderly persons of my own obsolete generation dwell upon our special duty toward that free-handed Deity who had blessed us with special talents. It all sounded most handsomely, and it made the business of writing any salable form of reading-matter seem a high-minded and painful pursuit wherein only seers and martyrs might hope to endure.

I listened, I admit, in extreme melancholy begotten by low envy of such elevated sentiments. My reflection was that for some reason or another such sentiments quite obviously caused their expounder's socks to wrinkle and to slide yet more downward, the higher that his moral fervor aspired. In the while that I wondered over this phenomenon the young woman who sat beside me remarked sotto voce, "But I write because I like to."

I looked at that intelligent young woman with instant affection. I was cheered at once, to my heart's core, by this plaintive small heresy, which had made me feel no longer signal in irresponsibility and low-mindedness. I became charitable. I perceived that at any rate the most of my confrères were talking so much sonorous nonsense out of a general notion that it was expected of them under our present auspices. But I remarked only, in confidence, to my new-found friend, "Me too!"

Well, and now I am reminded of this brief incident after reading, with commingled zest and irritation, Mr. Max Schoen's "Art and Beauty"*— though indeed I think the incident applies to all books ever published upon the nature and aim of esthetics. Whosoever writes or talks publicly about esthetics inclines to a great deal of magniloquent balderdash. It is expected of him. He must justify art upon some moral ground or another, very much as did my confrères exalt our trade of writing to the plane of self-sacrificing duty. He must rank the artist somewhere between the seer and the martyr. And he must of course ignore the fact that the artist pursues his art in chief because—as my comely savior put it—"he likes to."

I do not mean that Mr. Schoen always writes balderdash. To the contrary, I find the entire first half of his book, as it deals with "Art and the Artist," rich in much excellent matter which I would recommend without stint to the discerning reader.

The second half, concerning "Art and the Layman," I dismiss ruefully, for here again one is lugged toward the gray and barren uplands of duty. To be told how and why and with what thoroughness you ought to assimilate art and beauty, and how much real good they will do you, stays to my finding as unappetizing as a discourse upon the dietary value of spinach and of turnip salad. It provokes, somehow, an irrational dislike of the proffered fare. Nor can any prose writer be expected to view with equanimity Mr. Schoen's pronouncement hereabouts: "Poetry, fiction, and drama use a common material, language, and therefore a study of the nature of any one of the three is also an examination of the nature of the other two." He then (it really does seem incredible) discusses poetry upon the assumption that he is thus disposing of all literature and all drama.

Well, but let us paraphrase this. Weddings, christenings, and funerals use a common material, the prayer book; and therefore a study of the nature of marriage is also an examination of the nature of death. The reasoning appears to me the same, and the deduction equally fallacious. For the considerate person the broad gap between the sophomorics of poetry and the refinements of intelligent prose is not to be bridged by stating that both Edgar Guest and George Jean Nathan employ "language." And to declare that the material of acted drama also is "language" appears rather like asserting that a suit of clothes is made of buttons. The buttons and the dialogue are components, but they are noticeably remote from being the entire material. You have but to resort to your radio this very evening to perceive how far does the broadcasting of any play (which preserves all the "language") differ from your witnessing an acted drama in its fit theatre.

From this much fault-finding I return with respectful admiration to Mr. Schoen's discussion of "Art and the Artist." All this part of his thesis is well considered, it is sage (as sage, that is, as any gravely designed book about esthetics can hope to be), it is thorough, and it is competently done. I have read every line of these 130 pages with unflagging interest. I applaud them, if that matters, heartily. I observe in them one sole defect.

For I have read all these pages in an

* Art and Beauty. By Max Schoen. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $2.

This Week

"THE SOUL OF AMERICA."
Reviewed by HELEN HILL.

"ELLEN TERRY & HER SECRET SELF."
Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT.

"THE DILEMMA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE."
Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN.

"LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS."
Reviewed by I. DELANCEY FERGUSON.

Next Week, or Later

IDA M. TARBELL'S "OWEN D. YOUNG."
Reviewed by STUART CHASE.

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ever-foiled hope of finding by-and-by some direct statement as to why an artist pursues his art. "The creative impulse," says Mr. Schoen, "has been traced by many writers to have a social origin, as arising from the desire to communicate to others what the artist experiences. But to attribute the herculean labors and sufferings of the creative minds of the ages to such a trite purpose indicates a most naive conception of the nature of human experience and a disregard, to say the least, of the records of artistic history." In yet another passage Mr. Schoen has pointed out that art is not "actuated by a desire to please. . . . Genius does what its nature compels it to do, irrespective of consequences." And again Mr. Schoen says: "The artist can no more give a reason for his works than he could for his life. His work is his life and his reason for living."

All which is very well and wholly true, so far as it goes. Yet all these dicta approach without ever quite touching the dodged truth that every artist pursues his art in chief because he enjoys that pursuit, just as unexplainedly (to the opinion of some of us) as other zealots enjoy the pursuit of a fox or of a golf ball.

It is in each case an indulgently regarded form of time wasting. The large difference is that nobody pretends that the fox hunter or the golf player is actuated by his strong sense of duty or by altruism or by any other moral motive. These sports are ordinarily discussed by relatively unbiased persons. But most books about esthetics emanate from the professional art critic or the professional artist—of whom neither is at liberty to question the importance of art without impugning thereby his sole excuse for existing and the honesty of his livelihood. Mere self-respect will implant in him an heroic predisposition against cutting off his next year's income.

It follows that mankind has but infrequent prompters to face the triviality of any finished art product—whether it be a ture or a sonnet or a symphony—in man existence. It follows that (to the st of my limited knowledge) in no book out esthetics is the fact dwelt upon that if every existent art work could be dumped into the Pacific Ocean next Monday morning, the most of us would be jogging on quite comfortably by Tuesday afternoon.

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I do not mean only that inestimable millions lead gratifying and useful lives without devoting any instant therein to "art." It requires but a moment's frankness to see that "art" takes no important part in the life of a solid and reliable citizen, howsoever cultured. The merchant prince, the lawyer, and the bootlegger, in common with the butcher, the baker, and (if he yet thrives) the candlestick maker, must perforce pass days hand running untroubled by any consideration of "art'." To each of these national bulwarks, all "art" remains but an occasional stopgap for some vacant hour when there is no business of real importance in hand: to each of these, the more trite, the more nugatory, and the more readily comprehensible exercises of "art" are the more congenial, as necessitating the least mental effort; and for no self-respecting taxpayer, at the year's end, does the time which he has devoted to "art" equal the time he has spent at the telephone or in the bathtub.

Nor is it, very happily, anything save yet more balderdash to esteem that these scattered moments given up to "art" can infect and permeate the remaining hours of professional and family life. The emotions roused by contemplating an esthetic masterpiece are shallow; as chalk with cheese, so do they compare in gusto with any private personal emotion; and after all they prove so beneficently transient that we are not operated upon by surgeons who are thinking meanwhile about Beethoven; the plumber does not waste yet additional time in our lavatories by discussing Proust with his helper; and a board of directors is but rarely heartened during the official passing of a dividend (or, so at least I am informed) by any devotion to Leonardo da Vinci.

Now by the practising artist, I admit, the time devoted to art is more considerable. I admit, too, that the pursuit of his art is to him an affair of supreme and very much exaggerated importance. My point is merely that the importance of each finished art work to the artist also remains small. That is natural. To achieve competence in any art one must hammer away at it unremittingly, at least twenty-five hours to the day, so that no artist can afford an actual interest in the sister arts to his own branch of esthetics. He may, of course, quite harmlessly affect such interest. I have known in fact many writers who pretended to appreciate music, just as I have met few musicians who did not admit him- or her-self to be an authority upon literature, as well as, for that matter, everything else.

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I pause here. I reflect upon the loud omniscience of most musically gifted persons, and it prompts me to confine myself to my own bailiwick of spoilt paper and tinkling typewriters. . . . I know then, but too well, that the professional writer, in addition to his profound ignorance of all the arts save literature, very rarely ever reads anything. The trouble is, I suspect, that when once he has mastered his trade the acknowledged masterpieces of literature, for the most part, must appear to him either too childishly conceived or else too ill executed to evoke more than an antiquarian interest. And, of course, he regards with a vivid and thinly veiled abhorrence the writings of those fellow practitioners who are yet alive. Of this latter truth at least I am wholly certain, because I have survived some thirty years of hearing authors talk about their contemporaries.

I know, too, that no conscientious writer can look upon his own finished books with much less abhorrence, in the light of their multitudinary flaws and shortcomings, which he, ill-fated, is doomed to perceive more clearly than may the most callow and unsympathising reviewer. And from no one of these known facts can I deduce that any writer could possibly object to having all literature, along with all other art works, dumped into the Pacific Ocean next Monday morning.

I admit, though, that in each writer's heart a trace of tenderness lingers for the plaything which he has most recently completed in book form. Even though he might pay the postage as far as California, he would not convey that book thither in person. That book as yet remains near and in some sort stays a part of him—to whom it seems that all other books with his name upon their covers were written, and were very badly written, by somebody else. Yes, that last book, which he himself wrote, appears in its own little way to be well enough. But the writer's real interest and the real incentive of his continued living is that unfinished bit of phrase-shaping which he keeps yet in hand and on account of which he labors heart-breakingly (just as labors the fox hunter or the golf player) "because he likes to."

I believe that every other artist in every other field of esthetics is about his inconsequential play there for exactly the same reason. I believe that neither Mr. Schoen nor anybody else ought to gloss over this quite irrational liking, which I take to be the origin of all art, of all man-created beauty, and (as the uncivil may observe I have demonstrated) of considerable balderdash.

Medium Ævum, the organ of The Society for the Study of Mediæval Languages & Literature, was formally inaugurated recently in Oxford, England. It will be concerned with all matters touching the languages and literature of the Middle Ages. It is proposed to publish the three numbers of the current year in May, September, and December; subsequently, the months of issue will be February, June, and September. The number for May, 1932, contained the following articles, together with reviews and short notices:

Dante and the *regnum italicum,* by B. H. Sumner.

The Language of the First and Third Versions of Froissart's Chronicles, by F. S. Shears.

Late Old English Rune-Names, by C. L. Wrenn.

AMERICAN LANSCAPE, BY L. WHITNEY
FROM "AMERICA AS AMERICANS SEE IT" (HARCOURT)

The National Soul

THE SOUL OF AMERICA. By ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by HELEN HILL

THERE is a certain fairly widespread aversion to attempted portraiture of national souls. Much of it is based upon the crudity or artistic failings of the majority of such efforts; upon the bill-poster brutality with which our war-time propagandists depicted the Enemy Soul in the darkest colors and the anæmic idealism with which our Fourth of July (not to say bicentennial) orators suffuse the American soul with rosy hues. Some of it is based in addition upon a degree of agnosticism concerning the existence of such a soul, on a doubt as to whether a so-called national soul has more reality than any other statistical average. Bad art, however, is a condemnation not of art but of its makers. And few people who have followed the agenda of the post-war international conferences can close the record without belief (though perhaps not faith), in definitely differing national characteristics. Certainly Salvador de Madariaga, with "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards," and "I. Americans" has profited by his opportunity for such observation.

Since the war, beginning with Siegfried's "America Comes of Age," the American soul has been discussed by a variety of different specialists, German industrialists, French visitors, English lecturers. It has also had several rather thorough examinations by Americans, outstandingly by Charles and Mary Beard in their "Rise of American Civilization" and by Parrington in his trilogy, "Main Currents in American Thought." Professor Quinn's book lies on the borderline between these two analyses. As might have been expected from authors who separately had written "The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution" and "A Short History of the American Labor Movement," the Beards look at America's development with a definitely economic eye. By contrast, Professor Quinn writes in his foreword, "without beauty there can be no soul for a nation . . . for merchant fleets of Phœnicia, there is an oblivion so deep that even the alphabet they carried past the pillars of Hercules cannot frame words to record it." He draws material from American economic experience, but he is interested in it only as showing the formation of certain qualities which he has selected as most characteristic of the American soul. This selection of qualities is what also differentiates the intention of his work from that of Parrington, who began simply with the writing left by the period he covered, and drew from it certain conclusions.

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Professor Quinn first estimates the contributions to what is essentially and uniquely American which were made by the various races landing on her colonial shores. From the birth of the American soul in the open air of a new continental opportunity he follows its development through the period of independence and the testing of the union down to its coming of age in the World War. Then looking at it in the light of today he sketches seven qualities as its outstanding characteristics: Democracy, Efficiency, Liberality, Provincialism, Individuality, Humor, Vision; his final conclusion is that America is "neither tory nor radical but the eternal liberal among the nations."

His development, through the historical chapters, of the countervailing influences that keep America's course in line with the middle of the road is well worth reading: his summary of the political struggles between the party of institutions and the party of personality takes many of its illustrations from the field of literature in which his specialty as authority on American drama makes him particularly at home, and represents a breach in the departmental walls usually erected in American universities between History 27 and Lit. 42.

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His section on the seven American qualities is uneven and on the whole less satisfactory. Professor Quinn announces himself in his preface as a disillusioned optimist, who believes "that our apparent love of isolation has swept a steady current of liberal thinking which will lead us finally to the new internationalism that is the only hope of the world." His disillusion is obviously only adjectival; it comes out occasionally,—witness his discussion of education as affected by "efficiency,"—but more often he is the optimist, indulging in "a few words of cheer." His view of the historical forest through which we have come is well drawn; his perspective on the trees (and stumps) with which we are immediately surrounded seems at times a rather idealized picture. The strength and weakness of the book are both contained in the part on "Individuality." It opens with the following paragraph:

> One of the usual mistakes in the consideration of Americans, especially by foreigners, is to speak of us as though we were all alike. Our democracy is presumed to have reduced us to complete uniformity, while, as a matter of fact, it has produced in some respects the most highly individualized race in the world's history.

That statement over, Professor Quinn goes on to an excellent survey of individuality in recent American drama.

Middlebury College is going to conduct again at Bread Loaf Inn, Bread Loaf, Vermont, its Writers' Conference, from August 17th to September first. These Conferences have been highly successful in the past. This year Margaret Widdemer, Walter Pritchard Eaton, Lee Wilson Dodd, Robert Hillyer, Bernard De Voto, Gorham B. Munson, and Cornelia Meigs are going to offer courses, and various critics, novelists, poets, and editors of distinction will be visiting speakers. Bread Loaf is up on a shoulder of the Green Mountains where high thinking is not incompatible with very comfortable living.

Nunraw, in East Lothian, which is recognized as the "Ravenswood" of Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," is shortly to come up for sale.

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Mother and Genius

ELLEN TERRY AND HER SECRET SELF. By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG. Dutton. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

IT is, I think, generally accepted that Mr. Gordon Craig wrote this "true portrait" of "Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self" with the purpose of dispelling the impression made by the publication of the Terry-Shaw letters, and parts of this biography certainly confirm this belief, especially that part of it which Mr. Craig has wisely relegated as an "Annex" at the end of his book and which has no relation whatsoever to his "true portrait" of his famous mother.

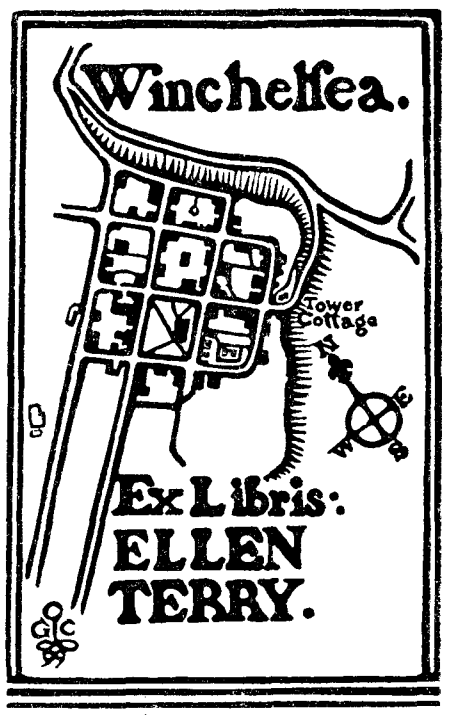
But whatever may have been the motive which impelled him to write, the achievement itself is distinguished despite its formlessness and somewhat inchoate expression, and despite also a petulant waywardness and a somewhat obtrusive self-assertion, which a more accomplished writer would have carefully repressed.

Mr. Gordon Craig has a versatile talent. As actor, stage-craftsman, artist, and controversialist, he has earned the homage, if not the affection, of many of his contemporaries. In this book about his mother he will earn their praise. They will read it and accept it, as they should, as a son's gracious tribute to the memory of a mother who was at once a loving personality and an actress of unique genius. And they will also read it for what Mr. Craig has himself given them in it; for the delightful scenes in which "Nellie" Terry is the mother and the housekeeper; for the vivid portraits of grandfather Benjamin Terry, with the Terry voice walking by his side in the person of Mrs. Benjamin Terry; for the arresting cinema picture of Charles Reade clad in pink hunting costume and seeming like a Faustian Mephistopheles, jumping over the hedge and into the house, with his offer of forty pounds a week, tempting "Nellie" the mother to become again Ellen Terry the actress; for the scenes at the rehearsals at the Lyceum Theatre to which Ellen Terry always came late and yet slid gently into her place as if she had never been absent, and in which everyone is in a panic until Henry Irving enters —and the problem is solved; for the unforgettable drives with his mother in her brougham through the clamorous London streets to the "sunlit glades" of the Lyceum's stage in "the dark forest of ropes"; for the appealing *genre* pastel in the house in the Cromwell Road, after the play was over and the family sat around the supper table for a reunion before retiring for the night's rest; and finally for the death bed scene filled with affecting tenderness.

Mr. Craig conceives of his mother as a woman of two personalities, "Nellie" Terry, the mother of his childhood and youth, the guiding genius of home; and Ellen Terry the actress and enchanting genius of the stage. The first he loved and enshrined in his heart as her "Secret Self"; the second was the people's idol who had given up the freedom and joy of what he calls "life" to submit herself to the formative discipline of art. He thinks it is "probably a great delusion for people to give up life for the sake of what they feel called upon to do." He believes that "life is the important thing, and work, whatever it may be, is secondary, though I, myself, have, like my mother, always for some reason felt the call to work greater than the call to life." He is tempted to feel that Ellen Terry, "in giving up life for a fixed life work at the Lyceum Theatre with Irving, gave up a thousand times more than she got."

But, surely, it is not what one gets so much as what one becomes that makes both life and work worth while, and from that point of view "Nellie" Terry may have been more self-fulfilling to Mr. Craig, her son, than Ellen Terry the actress, but not necessarily more self-fulfilling to herself. She married three times to fulfil herself as wife and domestic genius, and though she could cook delicious pies and roasts and preside at the home table with beneficent grace, and even wash her "brats" with loving hands, she gave up all these joys at the first call of the Mephistophelian "hedge-jumper," Charles Reade, when he tempted her to leave her home and play the leading woman's part in his third-rate drama, "The Wandering Heir." She left home and the "brats" for what she surely felt would be a more self-fulfilling sphere, for what meant "life" to her. Even Mr. Craig finds himself compelled to reconcile into a unity the "secret" and the public self of his mother when he attempts to convey to us the enchanting personality and power of Ellen Terry, the actress.

> She was not startling—her effects were broad (she was never niggling), but broad and big. She spread herself and encompassed the stage, the stalls, the pit, gallery, and somehow the air. She mingled with these, came out—always out—to them. An immense reserve, not of power, but of gifts, seemed to be moving with her—never at any moment did we expect her to overwhelm us with the thunder and lightnings of rhetoric, but always with *largesse*."



GORDON CRAIG'S BOOKPLATE FOR ELLEN TERRY

Truly, this same magical quality worked itself into life in both spheres, but with this difference, that whereas in the home it was an emanation of a lovable nature, on the stage it was an emancipation of a creative genius, and as lovable; and in both spheres it was not "secret" but open and "always with *largesse*."

> People always become younger remembering her [writes Mr. Craig] just as when living she gave out such buoyancy to support others, so, now she is dead, the help is still there, and somehow comes back to those who remember her well.

A beautiful epitaph to which all of us will freely subscribe who have experienced the enhancing enjoyment of Ellen Terry's art, an art which made the whole world kin.

Here ends the first lesson of this book, and I must confess that I wish it were the only lesson it conveyed. There is, however, another lesson, though happily it has nothing to do with either Nellie Terry or Ellen Terry. It is spoken in the intemperate language of Mr. Gordon Craig himself, with not a note in it of his mother's voice. It is printed as an "Annex" after the index. In the English edition of this book it is consigned to a pocket in the back cover, where it might well be missed and left unread. It consists of an indictment of Bernard Shaw for permitting the publication of the Terry-Shaw letters to which I have referred, and Mr. Shaw is made the villain in an old-fashioned melodrama for allowing these so-called "love letters" to be made public and for writing the "pack of deliberate lies" included in the Preface to these letters.

I confess I am unable to find any justification whatever for Mr. Craig's explosion of temper. I have read the "love letters" and the Preface to them and found nothing in either which calls for such abuse as Mr. Craig pours on the head of Bernard Shaw. If there is blame to be attached to G. B. S. for the publication of the letters, surely there is equal blame to be meted out to Mr. Craig's sister, Edith, who was her mother's executor and whose consent was necessary to their publication. And as for the Preface, for which Mr. Shaw is especially taken to task, it tells us no more of Irving and his art than G. B. S. told week after week in the columns of the *Saturday Review*. Indeed, the criticisms it contains of Irving and the Lyceum Theatre performances are scarcely more drastic than what Mr. Craig has himself indulged in in this book on his mother. For does he not tell us that he himself gave up the career of an actor and fairly ran away from Irving's influence to save his own artistic soul? On the whole it is, perhaps, better to consign this "Annex" to the limbo of failures, and to forget that it was ever attempted. If Mr. Craig still feels differently from this opinion I suggest that he consult on the matter with Mr. Martin Shaw, to whose production of Purcell's "Dido and Æneas" he so generously, I well recall, gave his talent in 1899 to make it the success it was, and whose fine friendship both he and I must always cherish—he, in still continuing experiences; I, in perdurable memory.

L'Inconnu

LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Viking Press. $1.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

LAST year the Viking Press brought out a novelette by Stefan Zweig entitled "Amok." Despite a rather striking building up of atmosphere, it did not seem to this reviewer wholly successful. The novelette is a particularly difficult form in prose. Here in America we think of it as a much more ramified structure than that which Zweig builds in his new "Letter From An Unknown Woman." We would call his effort, according to our ideas of length, a long short story. I am drawn to condensed novels and to tales such as this new one of Zweig's. Perhaps only a genius can pile up masses of detail and make you relish them, but greater genius, it seems to me, is displayed in the stripped and selective manner of writing, or in a story of far-reaching implications adumbrated through concise device. "Letter From an Unknown Woman" is in the latter category. With the exception of some two pages, the entire story consists of a letter supposedly received by a famous novelist.

The story is of the lifelong devotion of a woman, from the time she was a little girl, to one single man. At several different periods of her life she gives herself to him and then vanishes. He believes that he has enjoyed two different women. He never recognizes her either as the little girl who lived with her mother in the same lodging house or, later, as the woman who had once before, and in her virginity, given herself to him. She has a child by him, and her little boy's death is the occasion of her letter to him and the revealing of her entire secret.

Her story's ironic climax comes in her account of a last meeting when, as she yearned for him to recognize her, she saw, in a mirror, the novelist slipping several bank-notes into her muff. Hurrying from the room she runs into her lover's servant, and

> Then, in this fugitive instant, as I looked at him through my tears, a light suddenly flooded the old man's face. In this fugitive instant, I tell you, he recognized me, the man who had never seen me since childhood.

She flings the servant the bank-notes. And even when, at the end of the brief book, the novelist lays down her letter:

> There were stirrings of memory in the realms of feeling, and still he could not remember.

That is what gives Zweig's story its bite. For the rushing revelations of the woman are intense and earnest. Their emotional pitch carries conviction. But the philandering man has never experienced anything profound enough to make the scales fall from his eyes. His shallow nature is incapeble of it. In that fact resides greater tragedy by far than in the facts of the woman's hectic life or the loss of the child of their love. For we do not pity those who have experienced as we must pity those without emotional depth or strong feeling.

The translation by Eden and Cedar Paul appears adequate; and the book is notable for tenderness without sentimentality, and success of device.

A Lost Leader

THE DILEMMA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. By CHARLES A. BENNET. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN
Columbia University

THE French have a saying that to the living we owe regard, to the dead only truth. In the case of the work of the late Professor Charles A. Bennett they are happily one. One can combine in speaking of him praise for what he accomplished with regret for the work that his death at the age of forty-four left simply broached. His two books, "A Philosophical Study of Mysticism" and "The Dilemma of Religious Knowledge," are not mere portents of good things to come; they are accomplished works of philosophical analysis, as were his frequent contributions to philosophical and other journals. Furthermore, his quality is richer and his influence was more pervasive than these books and articles might indicate. He had what is rare in any field of academic life, and particularly philosophy, communicative insight. He realized, what most of those who discuss the philosophy of religion forget or reject, an appreciation of the part insight plays in religion and how much it is the source and substance of elaborate intellectual structures. One may quarrel here and there or even fundamentally with his own implied solution of problems in the philosophy of religion. One cannot but be impressed and persuaded by the poetry, the wit, and the intellectual integrity of the thinking here given to us, as well as struck with sadness that a spirit with such gifts should so early be cut off. Particularly in the field of the philosophy of religion was Professor Bennett—the title

STEFAN ZWEIG

"Professor" seems to consort badly with so gay and so free a personality—striking out a course for himself. He needed more time to develop the positive side of his thought, which, from present indications, would have been an account of religion in terms of a knowledge of the supernatural, a knowledge which is not the less knowledge because it is not easily translated into articulate terms, a supernatural none the less but rather the more real because it is supernatural.

Interrupted by death and before that by long ill health, Professor Bennett could only complete the preliminary part of his work, a discussion in the light of his own implied convictions of the current fashionable theories of religion. There are two or three forms of current religious thought that have captured the attention and the imagination of those occupied with thought upon religion, or, according to Bennett, with evasions of the fundamental issues of religion. There are the symbolical treatments of religion, of which Santayana is the leading exponent, and of which, as Bennett makes clear, Feuerbach in Germany—he might well have said Schleiermacher—and Sabatier in France were precursors. The treatment of religion in terms of imagination and as art might have been expected to be (as indeed it was) particularly sympathetic to a temperament as poetic as that of Bennett. That religions are largely sys-

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tems of symbols, moving and expressive, on the deepest and most controlling of moral and spiritual themes, that the mythology of religion is poetry, and its cosmology, a poetical commentary on nature and destiny—all this, made so familiar and so persuasive by Santayana, might well be expected to have appealed to a mind as genuinely though quietly imaginative as Bennett's. But Bennett was a metaphysician as well as a poet, and artist enough to take the imagination seriously. The poetical insight of religion was for him an insight *into* something, the poetry of religion was important and moving precisely because it was a serious report, not a playful invention. He objects, particularly, to Santayana's account of religion which assumes that the poetical appeal of religion can endure when its votaries recognize it as merely literature. The tears of religion are, as Virgil said of the tears of true poets, the tears of things. Bennett was concerned with what religious things were, and how we may be said to know them.

On similar grounds he dismisses the now widely current attempt to treat religion sociologically. He especially holds up for criticism, almost for scorn, the theory of the French sociologist, Durkheim, who makes of God practically a collective hallucination, a socio-conventional illusion. He might, of course, have extended his criticism to those theories of religion which make cult and ritual the whole of it, and make of religion simply a special and rather unctuous form of politics. Finally, Bennett examines those theories which try, as he puts it, to "suffocate religion in the subconscious." His objections are chiefly those of any realist to any psychologism. One cannot imprison the substance of the world in the walls of the self. An internal operation within the psyche does not exhaust the nature of the world. "In short, to say 'the subconscious did it' does not prevent one from saying that 'God did it.' Both statements may be true at the same time. In conversion, the deeps of the soul are stirred. True. But it is also true that an angel may have troubled the pool." There could not be a happier example of Bennett's gift of relevant and summary metaphor.

His book, after his discussion of "suffocation in the subconscious," ends with a chapter called "Metaphysical Respiration." The whole of feeling and thought about religion would, he held, be revived and clarified by a recognition that "the question of truth or falsity (in religion) is inescapable. The metaphysical pretensions of religion are the most important thing about it. We cannot reduce the drama of the religious life to a mere record of mental conflict, to so much natural history of the mind. Unless the issues of destiny are at stake, there is no genuine conflict and no drama." For Bennett religion revealed reality. That reality was supernatural and metaphysical. It was a reality that could not be demonstrated by reason, and yet was really known. The dilemma of religion, and this is the point of his title, is that what is most intimately known of the most profoundly real, can never be intellectually articulated or logically validated. The religious seer is a poet, but his subject matter is the unprovable, almost incommunicable truth. Thus we have here an attempt to reconcile the mystic's reliance on an intuition with the metaphysician's insistence on absolute knowledge of ultimate truth. Nothing less seemed to Bennett to constitute an adequate religion. It is deeply to be regretted that he could not "have pursued this noble theme a trifle further."

In reviewing Kingsmill's "Frank Harris" in the London *Observer*, a critic says: "Will there be a Harris legend, as there are legends of Wilde, Whistler, and the others? Certainly nobody who saw and heard the man could ever forget him. My own memory is that of a glittering orator who arrived in an Oxford Common room to lecture on Shakespeare; he looked like a City shark with his fur coat, his jewelry, and his waxed moustache, and then suddenly he began to speak about poetry with a kindling fire such as never even began to burn on any academic dais."

The Truth About Burns

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS. By FRANKLYN SNYDER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by J. DELANCEY FERGUSON
Western Reserve University

AMONG the minor religions of the nineteenth century the worship of Robert Burns holds prominent place. It is in the strictest sense a cult, complete with ritual meals, a hierarchy of minor saints and prophets, and a body of scripture supplemented by an apocrypha even more varied and less reliable than most apocryphas are. Burns worshipers, like other cult members, have in general been disinclined to critical study of their hero's life and writing, and at times have displayed a heresy-hunting rage against such critics as Henley, who approached him coolly and analytically. Certain dogmas, such as the direct inspiration of Burns's poetry and the truth of the Highland Mary story, have in particular been doctrines which an outsider might question only at his peril. But Burns has differed from most cult heroes in that his life has always been told by his most influential prophets as a warning rather than an inspiration—as a tragic instance of great gifts squandered through lack of self-control.

HOUSE OF BURNS'S "JEAN" (ON LEFT) IN MAUCHLINE

Professor Snyder's biography will give little comfort either to the uncritical believer in the legends of the Burns apocrypha or to the preacher who treats him as a terrible example. Here at length the tangled undergrowth of theory, myth, and conjecture has been cleared away, and the proved outlines of the poet's career are revealed. And the figure who faces us is not a "heaven-taught plowman" but a highly educated man, with merely the gaps and irregularities of knowledge unavoidable in self-education; not a reckless, drunken wastrel, but a hard-working farmer and excise officer ridden by poverty, dependent relatives, and ill-health. The not-so-goodly fellowship of Burns prophets suffers in the clearance, however. It has long been known that Currie, the first of the influential biographers, was an obtuse doctrinaire: Snyder adds the final confirmation to a prevalent suspicion that J. G. Lockhart and "Honest" Allan Cunningham were liars and quite possibly knaves. Worse still, Mary Campbell, chief of the minor saints, emerges as just another country lass who couldn't say "No."

But these, after all, are secondary matters. The important thing is that at last we have a full and impartial study of Burns, based not on the traditional estimates of earlier biographers but on a painstaking scrutiny of the first-hand evidence. Professor Snyder has given us a work worthy to stand beside H. W. Thompson's recent study of Henry Mackenzie as one of the most notable contributions of American scholarship to our knowledge of literary Scotland in the eighteenth century. The Burns he shows us lacks romantic glamor, but has gained immensely in the reappraisal of the nature and extent of his intellectual and artistic achievement.

The book, to be sure, has the defects of its virtues. The author has had to devote so much space and effort to the demolition of legends that the personality of Burns which blazes in the poems and glows between rather than in the lines of the letters somehow eludes us. But so it does also in the most uncritical biography. Burns was at least as dynamic as Byron, yet almost any life of the latter can make us realize the force of the man quite apart from his poetry. The fault, we must conclude, lies rather with Burns's contemporaries than with his biographers. In letters, journals, and memoirs Byron's contemporaries recorded abundant anecdotes of his impact upon their world. Such of Burns's contemporaries as were really literate were so blinded by their own condescension in receiving the "plowman" that they failed to note his characteristic words and actions, and later, when called on for reminiscences, had nothing but trash or empty generalities to offer. Sometimes, indeed, they resorted to invention to cloak their lack of memory, as when John Syme furnished Currie with the detailed story of the composition of "Bannockburn" which so edified Carlyle—who was unaware that the journey on which Syme alleged that the song and a thunderstorm had broken simultaneously occurred nearly ten months after the verses were in a publisher's hands.

Unfortunately for Burns's reputation, however, that lie, like many another more serious one, has a long start. There is no way of calling in and suppressing the fictions of Currie, Lockhart, and Cunningham. For years to come the ancient fables will be repeated at birthday dinners. But at last, one hundred and thirty-six years after the poet's death, we have a biography of which we may without reservation say to the serious student, "Here, so far as it can be ascertained, you will find the *truth* about Robert Burns."

A Glorifying Faith

PIGEON IRISH. By FRANCIS STUART. Macmillan. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a rare book. Its theme is nothing less than the final conflict between mechanical civilization and spiritual values and natural realities; its subject is a story involving four or five people, in which, as in a drop of water, the great conflict is reflected. The scene is Ireland; the time is a little in the future, during the next war. Already the machines are falling on each other like the sons of the dragon's teeth; the attack and defense are so balanced that nothing larger than a board can get through the sky, and civilization is forced to depend for communication solely on the most primitive and unmechanical of means, carrier pigeons. So, at the beginning, the theme is stated, though never in words, but the symbolism is perfectly clear; all the destructive forces of man's invention are on one side, and a few little birds on the other; we do not know which will be the stronger.

Except for the parenthetical passages about the flight of the pigeons, the story is told by Frank Allen, second in command of home defense in Ireland, a youngish man, and married to a beautiful wife, Brigid whom he loves with a deep happiness that reminds one of "A Farewell to Arms." The commandant, General Arigho, goes to the front, leaving him in command, and it becomes plain that his next duty will be to arrange Ireland's terms of surrender to the enemy. Arigho's daughter Catherine, a mystic "martyr by desire" like her patroness Saint Catherine of Siena, persuades him to try to get certain reservations, like those for our Indians, in which the old life of Ireland can go on, and to cede the rest of the country unconditionally; "to give up the body of Ireland to save its soul." This means surrendering Dublin, and sacrificing the national pride; and Allen finds that he has to struggle against the politicians, who try to discredit and execute him, against a part of the army, and against Brigid. The book becomes, in its latter portion, a fine stirring tale of action, without ever its white-hot spirituality.

It is a fine story, and well told, in a naked, athletic, and beautiful style. The only fault in the presentation is that the economy is carried a little too far. The author, perhaps through fear of sentimentality, never lets us know what are to be the spiritual values that he finds in Ireland, which are to be preserved in his reservations. His only picture of Ireland as it might be in time of peace is a quite ordinary afternoon at a minor race-meeting. One can understand his motive; when one devotedly loves a place, it seems worth preserving at any cost even at its most commonplace, perhaps most of all at its most commonplace. But such an appeal, however it may thrill the sympathetic, is not quite enough to convey the sense of his devotion to an outsider. Moreover, he is almost too fair-minded. He lets one of his characters object that the preserved bits of Ireland would consist of streets with bookmakers, public houses, and convents, and outside mud cottages and racecourse, and he has no real reply. In the same way he fairly sets Brigid, the type of the best human love, against Catherine's mystic devotion, and though he thinks that neither could exist in a purely materialistic civilization, yet Brigid is willing to take her chance with it, and the reader is perilously inclined to take his chance with her.

But when one has made every objection of reasonableness to the book, one still thinks of it with delight and wonder. For it does not stand by reason, but by faith. It is a faith that we may think is of little help to the world (or we may think it the only help): the Catholic glorification of martyrdom, the mystic desire of self-annihilation in the divine, strengthened by the ancient Gaelic love of the conquered and the fallen. Whatever we think of it, this book is the most rapt and the most manly expression of a religious faith that has appeared in a long while. It is a book to remember.

In Ralph Straus's amusing "A Whip for the Woman" (Farrar & Rinehart), a threeply skit on authorship, publishing and reviewing the British author lecturing to American women's clubs remarks:

> "The day after you say that American women are intellectual you sell 2500 copies; the day after you say that American women are the moral hope of the world you sell 3500 copies; the day after you say that American women are passionate tigresses you sell 10,000 copies. Encouraged, you say that American women, bless their hearts, are really no different from English women, and your sales fall to zero."

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

CHINA. By MARC CHADOURNE. *Covici-Friede.*

A brilliant French study of a civilization in turmoil. Pointed and a little cynical.

THE ANSWERING GLORY. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

A striking novel of missionary life.

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT. *Viking.*

Interesting comments by a great novelist on his life, his work, and his times.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXI. "BE ON YOUR GUARD"

IF Hubbard had assembled the available data about Minnie Hutzler in the form of a confidential Who's Who entry, her biography up to the time Richard met her might have been condensed thus:

HUTZLER, MINNA ELIZABETH, b. Detroit 1889. Unmarried. Graduated Commercial High School 1907. Diploma from Business College 1908. Considered somewhat cold and self-possessed. Height, medium; figure, slender; hair, black, abundant; eyes, brown; hands, long, capable; chin, pointed; complexion, pale; cosmetics, none. Considerable instinct for clothes and clever at dressmaking. 1909-1912 employed as typist in Commercial Art agency. About 1911 began to be source of perplexity to her family. Had to have room to herself in attic because kept her younger sister awake typewriting at night. Took correspondence course in Advertisement Writing. Parents who had thought Art was safeguarded by the qualification Commercial dismayed to learn that figure-posing took place in the advertising studio; horrified to find recognizable sketch of her in underwear advertisement. To keep peace, obtained employment in big store, stationery department. Promoted buyer at Hack Bros., 1915. Nickname at Art Agency, Mona Lisa. First cocktail given her by writing-paper salesman, 1914. Acute instinct for merchandizing display. Accident of being next to book department made her great borrower of reading-matter from Bessie Beaton. If you saw her on street-car on her way to work you probably would not look at her twice. Loss, yours. She would not look at you at all; probably reading H. G. Wells. Voice: low, clear, often faintly satiric in tone. Profile, imperfect; thought homely by casual observer, but unexpectedly beautiful from some angles. Reticent except among trusted intimates (few); surprising pungency of speech on occasion. Too mature to interest the average male of her acquaintance. Admired for her figure by artists, for her conversation by newspaper reporters, but in one or two affairs with the latter found them tedious, sentimental, and intemperate. Decided to have nothing to do with anyone beneath the rank of managing editor.

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When Richard called for Miss Hutzler, to take her to the dinner of the Book and Stationery Group, he was feeling very low—all the more so by contrast with earlier high spirits. Bessie Beaton's illness, and the embarrassing arrival of Daisy Erskine, naturally disturbed him. He had found himself lonely and homesick, as a travelling man often does at dusk. He decided to telephone to New York to see if Lucille and the baby were all right. He put through the call. But in the apartment on 114th Street the bell rang at a bad moment. Lucille, after a long day of that knock-down struggle called raising a child, was preparing supper. Gladys, aged nearly four, was howling over some crisis in her microcosm. Richard, sitting on the edge of the bed in Detroit, could overhear the yammer of the indignant baby as she clung to her mother. "I didn't mean to," wailed the child—good old phrase accurate for so much in human grief. "Didn't mean to *what?*" asked Richard. "She's a naughty girl," said Lucille, "she upset the milk bottle." Richard, needing encouragement himself, was simple enongh to think that a mention of his own troubles would divert Lucille's mind from the pressures of menage. He began to tell of Mrs. Erskine's unexpected appearance. The long threads of wire that connected them must have been aware of a sudden increase of tension. China and glass insulators from New York to Michigan felt the tingle of a sharper current—one of those atomic shocks that fatigue sensitive copper. "So Daisy's out there with you," cried poor Lucille. "I hope you'll sell her a lot of books." She slapped the receiver back on the hook. He was cut off.

Do telephoners know—presumably they do—the misery of those long-distance angers? The wretchedness of far divided simpletons when the artery, suddenly cut, bleeds long and secretly. Worse than toothache is that continual dull pain of lonely fever. There are two pulsations in the twisted throb—self-pity, self-reproach. Do women know how man, the well-meaning child, is destroyed by these needless freaks? There was once a famous appeal for charity—"forgive them, for they know not what they do." But that's easy. Forgiveness is more needed, and really divine, when we knew exactly what we were doing.

Richard at first thought of repeating the call, then considered the expense. He straightened the bed still disordered by Bessie's seizure. He looked grimly at his careful arrangement of books and display material, put away his collection of circulars and catalogues. At that moment he did not care whether Hack Brothers or anyone else should buy five copies of *Carbon Paper* or fifty. He took a deep hooker of the brandy ordered for Bessie. Then he said to himself one of the most beautiful and satisfying monosyllables in our English tongue. Honor to those various instinctive sounds, so much older than ourselves, that come to us down the ages, rich with the glow and burden of all mortal moods.

"Hell," he said.

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Miss Hutzler was surprised when Mr. Roe called at her home to take her to the dinner of the Book and Stationery Group. Richard explained Bessie Beaton's malady, and was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Hutzler who were already at table. Mr. Hutzler, one of Detroit's solid mechanics, was relieved to see so respectable an escort for his daughter, and indeed an air of shy melancholy sat upon Richard. This rather pleased Minnie, who was easily wearied by the excessive joviality of travelling men. The dinner was not a formal affair, but she had exchanged the black gown of the store for a bright red dress which was brilliantly becoming. The feeling of being colorfully clad, and Richard's sombre mien, put her in an unusually gay humor.

"Somebody's had a drink," she said as they rode in the taxi.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "Would you like one, to make it even?"

"We'll get some beer at the dinner," she said. "That's plenty for me. But I knew you'd had something because you smell so nice and pepperminty. I suppose you've been chewing hard, not to shock me."

He explained that the episode of Mrs. Erskine had been rather a blow.

"Well now, don't you worry a bit," she said. "We'll just have a nice evening and you don't even have to talk if you don't feel like it. I don't usually talk much, but tonight I seem to be cheerful, I don't know why. Give me a cigarette."

They lit up and rode in silence. Excused from the necessity of chatter, Richard suddenly felt better. Oh, well, he thought, life is life, and here we are in the middle of it. I hope Gladys has gone to bed happy. Poor Lucy, I guess it *is* pretty tough for her sometimes. I'll send her a wire in the morning.

Minnie looked at him in good-natured quietness, and he began to suspect that she was an unusually understanding sort of person. He found himself talking.

"I can tell you how I feel," he said. "I saw a funny thing the other day in New York. There was a lady taking her dog out for a Sunday morning walk, he was one of those little bitty things, what do they call 'em—not much bigger than a rat—some Mexican name—"

"Chihuahua?" she suggested.

"That's it. The poor little thing had on a pink wool jacket, and he was tottering up the steep hill on 79th Street while the lady waited for him at the top. He was so comic, feeling his way up the grade on those spider legs, I had to stop and look at him. As he went by he looked up at me, sort of shy, with his big eyes, and I could see he was a bit ashamed of being so small in such a big world. I thought afterwards that maybe he thought I looked unsympathetic, staring at him. I didn't really have time to get the right kind of look in my eyes. I'd have liked him to know I wasn't sneering at him, because I know just how he felt. I felt a bit like that this evening. That's why I took a drink."

"I'm glad you took it," said Minnie. "Better now?"

"Coming on fine."

"I like that story," she said. "Maybe you're the kind of person that queer things happen to. I am. They don't to everyone though. The craziest things happen to me, it's a riot. I had a new Easter bonnet one time, made of straw; someone threw a cigarette out of a window as I was walking underneath; it landed right in a bunch of muslin flowers on the brim. I thought the sun was getting pretty hot, and then people started yelling at me. I was trapesing along with my hat on fire. I've got so much hair I didn't notice what was happening until the thing was actually in a blaze."

"That reminds me of one time on the train," said Richard. "I bought a cardboard cup of coffee. It was so hot, I had to wait a little before drinking it. The car was jolting too much to stand it on the window sill, so I wrapped my handkerchief around it and held it carefully in my hands. Then I got thinking about things, how many books I was going to sell or something like that, and I guess several minutes went by. Anyhow, the hot coffee softened the cardboard, the whole bottom of the cup fell out and all the coffee went over my trousers. That's the kind of fool thing that happens to me."

By the time the taxi reached their destination they were excellent friends.

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The dinner was held in a mellow old German rathskeller. In the large upper room long tables were set out; the same meal was served to all—pickles, steak sandwiches, beer, and ice cream. At each place was a long white apron which the diners tied over their garments to avert the spatter of suds and gravy. In those days pure beer was plentiful entertainment for an evening, without the necessity of stupefying cocktails. They sat with a group from Hack Brothers, and elsewhere along the tables Richard found many friends in the trade. In their aprons the gathering looked almost like a hospital scene, but it struck Richard that the costume was peculiarly effective for Minnie. Above the white apron a flash of her red frock and the intense black of her hair were vividly contrasted. There was singing, and the speaker of the occasion was a swami from the Chamber of Commerce who urged the necessity of Better Business Letters. But in between times they found plenty of chance to talk. Richard, who read no books outside his own list, was startled to find Minnie's range so wide, extending from classic curiosa of the trade to the best modern novels. She agreed with him that *Carbon Paper* would sell, but startled him by dismissing its literary merit as negligible.

"You ought to be in the book department," he said.

"Nothing doing," she said. "I'm all for stationery. Only intelligent people buy books, but everybody's got to have writing paper. Hack's were going to send me abroad to do some buying in France this spring, but the War prevented it. I don't want to be working for someone else all my life; I'd like to be in business on my own. I'm getting up a pamphlet of famous letters of all sorts, I mean reprinting real letters from well-known people, to give away in our department. With each letter we suggest the kind of stationery it should have been written on. I guess I might call it *The Hack Writer*."

"Better not," said Richard solemnly. "They wouldn't get it."

Minnie was somewhat scornful of the Chamber of Commerce expert who exhibited, by stereopticon, slides of approved business communications of all sorts. And it is true that to one who had been rummaging the files of literature for the letters of statesmen and poets, the quality of the commercial expert's correspondence seemed a little bald. But Richard insisted bravely that flourishes of wit have no place in diurnal dictation. He reminded her of the familiar doctrine that the two best business letters are *Enclosed find check* and *Please remit*. "I should be afraid ever to send you a letter," he said, "if you're so particular."

"If you sell Detroit regularly, you won't need to write."

After the speaking the tables were removed and there was dancing. But though Richard was plainly enjoying himself, he suggested that they telephone Bessie Beaton's landlady to see if the invalid was comfortable. They did so, and Bessie herself answered the phone. She insisted that they come round and see her.

They did so, and found Mrs. Beaton sitting up in her lodgings, wearing an attractive kimona, and reading *Carbon Paper*. "I'll make it fifty copies," she said, "and you can send me an extra fifty On Sale."

"You must have been sicker than we thought," said Minnie.

"No, I'm all right. I'll give you both a nightcap. Did you have a good time?"

"Grand," said Minnie. "Mr. Roe's the kind of person I can talk to. He makes me feel human."

"He's good that way," said Bessie.

"Well, I thought maybe it'd be an amusing day," said Minnie, "because I had such a crazy dream last night. I dreamed I was in a telephone booth with a glass door, and Mr. Ed Hack was outside watching me while I talked. As I telephoned, suddenly I felt my garters loosen and stockings started to come down. I tried keep them up, but they kept wrinkl lower and lower, and I couldn't do anything about it because he was watching me."

"A very reasonable dream," said Bessie. "Let it be a warning to you. I don't believe the *droit de seigneur* should extend to department stores."

"No, but this is the comedy," Minnie continued. "I looked up garters in that Dream Book you have in your department. This is what it said, I copied it down: *Garters—dream of being presented with a pair means love, respect, admiration, and pleasure; of being without them or having them slip indicates future embarrassment. Be on your guard.*"

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

One Afternoon---

By LOUISE MORGAN SILL

UNKNOWN Singer, singing in the courtyard,
Whose tones enchanted my open window,
Pouring a golden melody, like Orpheus,
With a well-worn guitar for lyre:—

When you departed, down the empty street,
I was homesick for your magic,
And, teased by the silence, my heart
Ran hungrily after you. . . .
O Lord, give us each day our daily bread of Beauty!

Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," and Emil Ludwig, both of whom live in Switzerland, are said to have applied for Swiss citizenship. Apparently they feel that they can thus secure more complete detachment for their literary work.

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A PAGE FOR SCIENTISTS

The Freudian Edifice

THE HOUSE THAT FREUD BUILT. By JOSEPH JASTROW. New York: Greenberg. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CARNEY LANDIS
Columbia University

PROFESSOR JASTROW has given us in a logical and careful study the results of his years of acquaintance with Freudian psychology and psychoanalysis. His book is a calm, dispassionate, middle-of-the-road, presentation and evaluation. It will certainly be damned by the psychoanalists as academic, lacking in understanding, and intolerant. It will equally be sneered at by the more rigid of the "scientific psychologists" as an example of the way in which a scientific intellect is damaged by dealing with unscientific material.

In his description of the "Freudian House," Professor Jastrow has simplified certain of the details so that we may see it more clearly in perspective. Much of the more bizarre and unique ornamentation has been omitted. He has, however, sketched the plans and specifications, analyzed the building material, and appraised the super-structure of this house. He considers the ways in which the theory of psychoanalysis has ramified into religion, education, society, biography, and civilization. I know of no other place in which the entire structure of psychoanalysis is so clearly and definitely outlined in a brief manner as Professor Jastrow has done in this book. Whatever the final merit of his evaluation, the reading public is indebted to him for a most useful and useable presentation of the Freudian doctrine.

Since Freud has claimed that psychoanalysis is a science making use of scientific methods, Jastrow, the scientist, is properly within his rights in making an analysis of psychoanalysis. Unfortunately, psychoanalysis cannot stand such scientific treatment. The Freudian hypothesis was intuitive in origin and remained so. It has never been seriously considered as truly scientific in the usual sense of the term. This point has been demonstrated by various writers for many years past, so that Professor Jastrow is in quite good company in his demonstration and demolishment.

The logic of psychoanalysis is likewise critically surveyed. Jastrow shows that the logical fallacies of attributism and of "nothing but" are really the basic processes in psychoanalytic thought. It is, of course, unnecessary that an intuitive or clinical art be logical or even make much of a pretense at logic. One is doubtful that Freud ever really seriously contended that his system was more than superficially logical. It is true that he has philosophized his standpoint during the past ten years, but the philosophy is really a prop to the psychoanalytic structure and has not a great deal of connection with the original plans. Jastrow has shown in a fashion which will be convincing to most fair-minded readers that logically and scientifically the psychoanalytic structure, "the house that Freud built is built upon sand, and with crumbly cement."

⁂ ⁂

From the standpoint of the scientist, Jastrow's appraisal leaves little to be desired. He has shown that which is scientifically sound and that which is fallacious. From the standpoint of psychology, he clearly indicates the numerous places where present-day psychology is indebted to Freud and to psychoanalysis. Probably the weakest point in the book is his appraisal of the clinical and therapeutic value of psychoanalysis. As Janet pointed out years ago, the technique of psychological healing is an art which may some day become logical or scientific, but that such a day does not seem near. In many instances we know that patients who have been treated by psychoanalysis have recovered. Of course, the appeal to the "cure" is not scientifically valid, but from the pragmatic viewpoint of the man on the street the thing seems to work now, and if it is working today, why be particularly concerned about tomorrow? Tomorrow's concerns are reserved for the scientist.

This book is addressed principally to the scientist, physician, or educated layman who is interested in a psychological appraisal of Freudian psychoanalysis. To such readers it will be a welcome addition to a working or reference library and a supplement to the more monumental "Structure and Meaning of Psychoanalysis" by Healy, Bronner, and Bowers. Unfortunately the book lacks an index and an adequate bibliography.

A Great Excavator

SEVENTY YEARS IN ARCHÆOLOGY. By FLINDERS PETRIE. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

"ALL work is but an incompleted intention," says Sir Flinders Petrie in the noble and reticent introduction to a fascinating account of archæological activities covering a period of seventy years, which lies before me. It begins with the small boy's passion for collecting coins, and all the elements which shaped his future career are already there: the ability to judge dispassionately his own aptitude; persistence; intelligently directed curiosity; infinite patience; and an extraordinary ingenuity—rare in one so little set upon personal gain—in making the most of inadequate resources. He has summed it up himself in the sentence, "All that I have done since was there to begin with, so true is it that we can only develop what is born in the mind. I was already in archæology by nature."

SIGMUND FREUD

For his ancestry he has a decent regard, which is wholly free of any genealogical snobbery. He does not divorce his own life from that interest in origins which in large part gave the initial impetus to his archæological career. "A passion for discovery I owe to my grandfather, though his was in space and mine was in time," he says of his maternal grandfather. His own father had a "hot country disregard of English habits, which passed on to me, and served me well in the desert. Some facility in handling men and materials may also have come from the business ways of the older generation."

Either on account of his somewhat irregular education or because of temperamental inability to coöperate with others, Flinders Petrie—although honors and honorary degrees were heaped upon him in full measure—was never able to get the backing for his excavations which would have made it possible for him to work with adequate equipment, leisure, and that exhaustive thoroughness which can only come with a sense of financial security over a long period of time. But in spite of the disadvantageous conditions under which he had always to work, it may be said of Flinders Petrie that rarely has a man been so conscious of the intention of his life and rarely has that intention been so largely realized. One is struck in reading his autobiography by the small role that chance has played in his career, by the complete absence of periods of uncertainty and drift.

He entered the field at a time when excavating was little more than a hunt for treasure. Here is what he has to say of it.

> The science of observation, of registration, of recording, was yet unthought of; nothing had a meaning unless it were an inscription or a sculpture. A year's work in Egypt made me feel it was like a house on fire, so rapid was the destruction going on. My duty was that of a salvage man.

Passed seventy, he is still active in the field, and has lived to see archæalogy established as one of the recognized branches of learning and on as scientific a basis as the heterogeneous nature of its material permits. He was in every sense of the word a pioneer in Egyptology, both in visiting and exploring new regions, and above all in his manner of handling the actual work of excavation and in his methods of recording and analyzing the material excavated.

⁂ ⁂

It is to Flinders Petrie that we owe the first accurate measurements of the Pyramids of Gizeh. Evidently his father was a believer in the prophetic measurements of those monuments, and although the work of Petrie destroyed the foundations for such a belief, the Hydra of superstition seems to have succeeded in growing a new crop of heads since he performed the original decapitation, for the belief is still extraordinarily prevalent. Petrie's comment on this and other iconoclastic work throws a pleasing sidelight on the essential humanity of his nature.

> It is only natural, in a world so rapidly changing in knowledge and outlook, that each generation should see matters in a different light as time went on. As I am neither a Butler or a Gosse, more need not be said on this score. I delayed writing "Egypt and Israel" until after his (his father's) death.

At Abydos and Naqada, Petrie discovered the early periods of Egyptian culture—both the predynastic with its finely worked flints and interesting pottery and the astonishing portrait sculpture of the first dynasty. Notable among the finds at Abydos was a finely wrought ivory statuette of a king which is now one of the treasures of the British Museum.

To his researches in the Fayum, not only Egyptologists but students of Greek art are greatly indebted; for the discovery of the encaustic portrait paintings placed over the faces of the mummies in the first centuries of our era revealed for the first time the beauty and the subtle powers of psychological characterization inherent in the Greek tradition in painting.

At Tel-el-Armana he uncovered the frescoes and pavements which show the interplay of cultural influences between Egypt and the Greek-Mycenæan world and recovered masses of exported Mycenæan pottery. Similarly his work at Kahun afforded a link with the Ægean which he was the first to realize and which was long disputed.

> The most important result was finding painted Ægean pottery of a different style from that of the eighteenth dynasty (Mycenæan) and mixed with pottery which was unquestionably of the twelfth. . . . No one sided with my fixing it to Ægean civilization of the twelfth dynasty until suddenly the Kamares painted pottery turned up in Crete, the Middle Minoan period was defined, and Crete fell into line with the Egyptian facts. Thus the contacts of Greece with Egypt, which six years earlier were not in hand before Alexander, had been carried back over two thousand years.

He was almost as indefatigable in publication as in field work, and although some of his volumes and articles were somewhat hastily thrown together he has enriched the Egyptologist's library with very fully illustrated and valuable volumes of reference, especially notable for the study of the morphology of types in vases and other minor antiquities.

To turn from the scholar to the man, his power of work under the most trying conditions—for he apparently paid no attention to seasons nor took any of the ordinary hygienic precautions in the dangerously unsanitary villages of Egypt—is truly astonishing. Here is the description of the raising of a coffin in the Fayum.

> I bored holes with a centre-bit at arm's reach under the water, put in stout bolts, and tied ropes on, so as to get several *men to haul on it*. I excavated all the sand I could with my feet, lying in the water up to my nose, and at last the coffin moved, and was hauled up "looking like a buffalo" as the men said.

Flinders Petrie is not a sparer of persons. His own countrymen come in for condemnation often enough, and the foreigner will hardly be pleased with such characterizations as "the self-deceived Gaul" and "the tediously complete and logical German." The autobiography is full, to a painful degree, and somewhat tediously for the reader, of his conflicts with the authorities in Cairo. What saves him from the reproach of personal animus is the impartial severity with which he lays about him. Where there are so many bloody heads, the bludgeoned may seek consolation in numbers.

In contrast to the severity with which he deals with the shortcomings of his equals is the almost tender regard for the native and his childlike weaknesses. Like many who are maladjusted to the conventions of more civilized communities, he loved the joyous abandon of the Egyptian peasant and apparently remained unaffected by the more cruel and squalid aspects of his life. "To me," he says, "the by-play, the jokes, and songs, and wills, and ways, give color and interest to life here, which one will never reach in staid school-boarded England."

The author of this book is dowered with few graces of style, nor has he, to any marked degree, the power of bringing out the drama of a peculiarly adventurous life, but the narrative holds the reader's attention, nevertheless, by the astonishing panorama of unceasing and varied activity which is unfolded before him, and by the impact of a philosophy—latent in all Flinders Petrie writes—which has been lived and which occasionally finds expression in words of true and moving nobility.

Notes of a Rabid Reader

Harry Elmer Barnes's analysis of the Dry Psychosis, *Prohibition Versus Civilization* (Viking $1), is a concise and unusually sensible and penetrating discussion of a much beworded subject. It endeavors to give the historical background which explains what many are calling a noble error. His solution is a Congressional change of the Volstead law. The importance of the book, however, is in its explanation of the state of mind back of Prohibition. * * * A very amusing one-act play, readable if not presentable, is Tom Cushing's *Barely Proper* (Farrar & Rinehart.) It is the first Nudist comedy. * * * Those going west this summer will find Robert Frothingham's *Trails through the Golden West* (McBride) a sound and usable guide to the sights of the Southwest, California, and the Yellowstone.* * * A contribution to current history is Robert Machray's *Poland:* 1914-1931 (Dutton. $3.75), a contemporary history, with earlier backgrounds, of the new republic and the dictatorship. * * * Volume IV of *The Works of Samuel De Champlain* (Toronto: The Champlain Society, by subscription, but a later edition to be offered for general sale) contains his voyages in 1632 in the original French, with an English translation on the same page. A very beautiful volume, excellently bound and printed and likely to be a standard edition. * * * The John Day Pamphlets, which are acquiring a reputation, add two numbers this week, *The Socialist Cure for a Sick Society*, by Norman Thomas, and *To Have or To Be—Take Your Choice*, by Hendrik W. Van Loon. These pamphlets sell for 25c.

(*Continued on page* 800)

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Points of View

Parnassus on Keels

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

We invite you to take a voyage with us in our coastwise book-boat, *Parnassus on Keels.* We would clear from the government locks at midnight, and you would awake at sunrise to see a great range of snow-covered peaks to port. We would breakfast on strawberries dewy from some farmer's garden, with beaten biscuits and a kind of apricot-and-pineapple jam which comes in stone jars. Our drink would be Bass's ale and Guiness's stout (although a supply of Demerara rum is kept in the chart-case to ward off rheums and undue fatigue). Our tobacco would be Three Nuns (do you know the blend?) and Wild Honey. Our dinners would be masterpieces, for there I assist in the culinary duties. There is a way of broiling a thick steak by laying it on top of whole Spanish onions which in their turn are half immersed in bubbling olive oil. And a recipe of mine for chicken-liver spaghetti calls for eleven herbs! (The eleventh herb and the touch of genius—if I may be pardoned—is pine needles, three or four to the person.)

I know the man (a venerable and profane Nova Scotian) who, as master of the barque *Star of the Andes,* discovered and reburied the great treasure of Cocos Island. There was mutiny on the barque, and when he uncovered the treasure he dared not carry it away. So he carried it to another place and shovelled it into the ground, dead men's bones and all. In proof whereof he will show you a small chest filled with the jewels of queens, and the hammered silver of Spain.

Parnassus on Keels, ex-*Lunisequa* (I can think of nothing else), has grown into a sort of community proposition. Half the newspapermen in Seattle are planning to journey on their days off to play one-night stands with us. We also have a sprinkling of sobered citizens who would, if encouraged even slightly, forsake the drear though substantial paths of commerce to sign on with us.

Our first two-weeks' cruise is to be carried out with considerable éclat: striped figures leaping in the smoky light of gasoline flares, to the whanging of a banjo and the hoarse shouts of a barker. An old-time medicine show with volunteer talent. Afterward, we shall probably settle down to the staid selling of books.

It is only fair to warn you, however, that I shall submit to the *Saturday Review* some brief chronicling of our tribulations and felicities. I shall take the liberty of writing you again concerning our selection of the stock of books. We are in the midst of that now: theoretically, I spent the morning in efficient negotiations at an old book store, but actually I sat on the top rung of a ladder reading in peace.

RANSOM FOSTER.

Seattle, Wash.

"I, James Lewis

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In a letter printed in the *Saturday Review* of May 28, Mrs. Julia Lipsey of Colorado Springs comments rather disparagingly on Gilbert W. Gabriel's vital historical novel, "I, James Lewis." She says that Mr. Gabriel's research "must have consisted simply in the reading of Irving's Astoria. . . . The novel uses the same incidents, names, and personal characteristics of the men on the expedition. Even the descriptions of Hawaiian festivities and Chinook folkways, which form so colorful a part of the novel, are merely an elaboration of Irving's notes." It further appears, from her letter, that she and her husband have been broadcasting this curious stuff from "a local station."

If Mrs. Lipsey were to dip into Hugo, Scott, Dumas, she would find that it has been customary to use historical incidents and characters in the writing of historical novels. As to "Astoria," obviously Mr. Gabriel read it as well as the diaries and personal narratives of Ross and Franchère, clerks who sailed on the Tonquin. Ross and Franchère were Irving's chief sources for the Tonquin story. Franchère's "Narrative," published in French in Montreal in 1819, was translated and published, in English, in 1836 because, in part, the author wished to correct "inaccuracies and misstatements (unintentional, of course)" in Irving's volume. As to the Hawaiian episode, Mr. Gabriel has relied more on Franchère's detailed story than on "Astoria."

He has generously mentioned my chronicle of the fur trade, "Adventurers of Oregon," as the instigator of his desire to write a novel about James Lewis, who may or may not have blown up the Tonquin. But in my book, in Irving's, and in the diaries which are the sources of both, James Lewis is little more than a name. The creation of the character of Lewis in Mr. Gabriel's novel is the novel's outstanding distinction, though by no means its only one. For instance, the special environment and period are skilfully wrought out of a mass of research, and presented not as "background" (abominable term!) but as experience. And this is no easy trick!

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER.

New York.

Sir Walter Scott

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your quotation, in a recent number, of Mr. Hugh Walpole's remarks on Sir Walter Scott, as "second only to Shakespeare as the creator of everyday men and women," was an immense satisfaction to such a devoted reader of Scott as myself. I at once made the following list, from memory only, of the types of character in the Waverly Novels: Kings, queens, princes, princesses, courtiers, court ladies, dukes, earls, other young and old noblemen, ladies young and old, children, prelates, abbots, priors, monks, country squires, country lords, generals, statesmen, magistrates, sea-captains, artists, actors, sailors, gardeners, farmers, horse-traders, smugglers, writers, antiquarians, lawyers, students, post-mistresses, barbers, butlers, cooks, men-at-arms, peasants, valets, constables, sheriffs, chambermaids, innkeepers, major-domos, usurers, rascals in variety, business men, clerks of many kinds, booksellers, publishers, scriveners, fishermen and women, country girls, apothecaries, pedagogues, ministers, priests, gypsies, crusaders, glovemakers, blacksmiths, gamekeepers, and highlanders of many conditions.

The vitality of these characters is life itself. In Scott's novels if a man but open a door, thrust in his head, and say how-do-you-do, he is, not a literary sketch but a man, alive. You await with interest what he will say or do next. How does Scott do it? Heaven alone knows.

The younger generation ignores Scott. Asked if they have read him, they reply, one novel, and that they did not like it very much, found it dull. Evidently they have not been guided, as most young readers are not. There are dull pages in Scott, that is, pages irrelevant to the tale, but interesting in some way or another. These can be skipped (having been read once, be it understood), and we have Scott's own tacit permission for this. He too skipped when he read, if he found it expedient, and he says so.

I have never counted the number of times I have read, for instance, The Antiquary, but I pass over quickly much of the antiquarian lore and the endless discussions of the Antiquary—rich old character that he is—with Sir Arthur Wardour and his young friend, Lovell, in order to revel in his relations with his "womenkind," for whom he has an affectionate contempt, and with the poor people around him.

Scott is also such appetizing reading that I wonder doctors do not recommend him to people who do not eat enough! In our modern novels people do not eat at all, or hardly ever; they subsist upon psychology or mystery. But Scott realized the influences of food upon human life and had no hesitation in describing it, whether in the incredible banquets and meals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or the frugal fare of the humble. Does this frank acceptance of life as it really is render an author's task easier in making human beings? I wonder.

But, in any case, should such a genius as Scott—not only genius but great man in all his human relations—be unknown to our young people? If parents will not, cannot schools and universities do something about it?

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Paris.

Drawing Out Leviathan

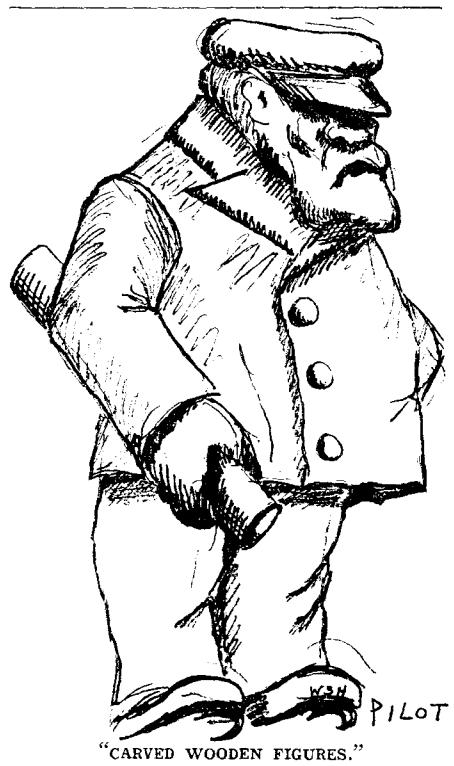
(Job, Chapter 41)

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

S. S. Leviathan
Bound East, May 1932.

HERE'S what's happened. I left my toothbrush in Room 6 of the Columbus Hotel, Bremen, when I checked out in a confused state at 7 A.M., March 24. I'm going back for it at an average speed of twenty-four knots.

This is the third day out, fourth night. Fourth night but haven't had first night's sleep yet. Always something going on, and I hate to miss anything. My trouble is insomnia in the morning—I can't loaf and invite my roll and coffee into the cabin as seems to be the custom. I've finally discovered the difference between 1st Class, Tourist, and Third. Third Class is up and about at 7 A.M.; Tourist, 8 A.M.; First Class, any time after 12. The number of passengers at breakfast in the First Class dining-room wouldn't fill a lifeboat. I've been getting away with early rising because no one is there to spot me—no one that is but the stewards who have me down as a man-servant or one of those gamblers the signs warn you about.



"CARVED WOODEN FIGURES."

Big doings tonight—we're on the air; *ocean-wide hook-up at 12:30 (10:30 to* you). This happens in the Club Leviathan and we're giving you music and speeches. 12:30 suits me as that is my usual arriving time in that department. General Pershing will be one of the speakers. I rode tonight in the elevator with the General, felt like one individual caviar, and was too excited to get off. Reaching the sun deck, the operator woke me up with—"This is as far as we go, sir." I stepped out into the sun. There are other notables on board. After glancing at the passenger list to see if they'd spelled my name right—and if it was there—I noticed one Princess (Sophia Katcholoff), one Countess (Von Schlieben), several *vons,* two *van ders,* three accents circumflex, two hyphens, three attendant nurses and four maids. Try to tell them apart on deck!

When I left off list-reading and started moving easily among the passengers, it wasn't long before I bumped joyously into Anna and Joe. More formally, Mrs. Anna Morris of Hudson's, Detroit, Mr. J. J. Estabrook of Horne's, Pittsburgh, alert distributors of books sold through department stores at the published prices! Anyway, thought I, here's where Europe gets rid of a load of books. I had just accommodated myself to a vision of five days delicious talk of modern literature with this well-posted pair when my eyes, still in biblio-frenzy rolling, came to light on Mr. Sessler. Mr. Charles Sessler, as who doesn't know, of Philadelphia. Quickly recalling all I knew about incunabula, I greeted him. Mrs. Sessler was sitting with him. She is a beautiful woman. I decided, glutton that I am for pleasure, to look at her while I listened to Mr. Sessler.

1:50 A.M., no, it's 2:50 A.M. (that hour we lose every night is wearing me down). The broadcast is now history; it's the first time, as I understand it, that a ship has sent out a program from mid-ocean. Replies even were received stating the reception was good, etc. An amusing difference of opinion was expressed by Helen Jacobs, the tennis player, and General Pershing as to the weather, possibly bewildering listeners. The General commented on the amiable state of the waves, and he was quite correct, as we've been on an even keel ever since we left the dock, with nothing but the faint hum and purr of a big ship to remind us we're at sea. Miss Jacobs, probably with some past or future trip in mind, said something (I couldn't hear it all) about tempestuous weather and high seas. But I forgive her. Why? O, because of her classic profile, her wavy blond hair, her splendid shoulders. After Helen's weather report, Miss Roselle, of the Philadelphia Opera Co., went into a few high C's on her own account, con amore, con brio, congratulations. Mr. Sessler presented Miss Roselle with a pink doll, and everyone was much excited, especially Mrs. Sessler, who was afraid Mr. S. might kiss Miss Roselle. He did.

But to get back to the beginning. We sailed Tuesday night. Slid quietly out from Pier 86 about eleven o'clock—or quietly it seemed, what with the noise on the dock. The boat, before sailing, was jammed with people and I began to worry about getting enough to eat. I have an old idea, which, when I see anyone off on a steamer, I vulgarly noise about—at the cry, "All ashore that's going ashore," all the people who look interesting make for the gangplank. Wrong again.

High Lights Department—The lady at table whose dachshund's wardrobe included 43 sweaters (42 more than I own). First meal she affectionately called me "Stringbean," nicely breaking the ice all around.

The four carved wooden figures of old salts in the Smoking room. Sculptor—F. Heit, Flensburg.

Fritz the Bartender, who when he pours your White Label, makes a certain allow-ance for spillage.

When our nose (*Leviathan's*) was cle two stout tugs, *Margaret L. Meseck* and her brother *Eugene T.,* pointed her downstream in short order. A good eye-test is reading a tug's name at night. Hope I have these right—ask Felix Riesenberg.

Now the problem was whether to have a look at the ship—my first time on her—or watch the black panorama of lower Manhattan. I was left on the Promenade Deck with one companion, a sad-eyed fellow who kept his eyes glued to the dock, or where the dock was. Teachers in art schools who have trouble in explaining perspective should hold one session of the class at one end of that deck. Pupils who fail to get the lines correct are gently dropped overboard. O, yes, the skyline. It's still there, still lit up, more lit up than ever, I should say. And I notice the new style in dome effects is red. Illuminated tanks of ink? And are the night workers the cleaning brigade or is a lot of chart-making going on? Great morning news those charts make.

A diagram of the promenade deck, reading aft, shows the following recreational selection: Library, Grand Saloon, Lobby, Club Leviathan, Card Room. The last named is miniature by comparison with the others—the printer had a tough time squeezing in the name between the tables. *The Vicissitudes of Shelley's Queen Mab* have nothing on this Little Place. It was, originally, a tea room. The demand for tea wasn't up to snuff, and the Big Boys who were commuting to Europe in those days began to complain about the lack of Market Facilities. The tea was withdrawn and a nice big chart was laid on the port wall with direct lighting, heavy leather chairs—everything except free cigars. No doubt many Big Deals were born of quick glances at rising figures in this place. Anyway, it was well patronized and all was well with the customers. At least no one is known to have dashed madly for the door, and the rail. But gradually Oh, so gradually, less and less eyes were glued to the writing on the wall. Then business slumped altogether, and here was proud *Leviathan* with an empty room on her best deck.

Well, now it's a Bar. And try to get a place just before lunch or from 6 P.M. on. I've always thought that trying to stretch the Amendment across the ocean was a way past its bursting point. And even we in doubt some weeks ago

(*Drawn out to page* 799)

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A Letter From France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

FOUR novels of the very first order have recently appeared which, in addition to "Saint Saturnin" will make this season memorable.

François Mauriac, the catholic novelist, has surpassed himself in "Le Noeud de Vipères." It is a still more perfect example of his technique than "Génitrix" and "Thérèse Desqueyroux." The hero is an old man, as in Schlumberger's "Saint Saturnin." Note this reappearance of old men as protagonists, after all these years when adolescents were the chief characters. Louis is a great barrister and landowner whose life has been poisoned by his inability to accept and requite the love, however imperfect, which all human creatures can grant and expect to meet. If his wife and children had been the true Christians they professed to be they might have pierced his armor, and conquered. Instead of which they have become his enemies. Greed, lust, and jealousy on his side, obtuseness and fraud on theirs, lead to a state of horrible and silent strife. Twice Louis was on the eve of salvation, for twice he was ready to make and accept the gift of disinterested affection. But little Marie and young Luc were his last hopes of regeneration, and they died early. A poor priest made him feel what is true charity. But Louis had not suffered enough to be redeemable. Yet, the old passionate sinner was nearer God than he believed, nearer perhaps than his victims. He dies throttled by a double knot of vipers, those writhing from his own heart, and those which secretly throve in his own family.

This is a bare abstract, a reduction into moral and mental terms of what is, in fact, a full-blooded story. But the character of Louis invites such a treatment of the book. He is the only example I know of a bourgeois Lear, evil and tempestuous but every inch a king, with no claim on his last day except for forgiveness, and no desire except for love. "The Lear that dies," says Mr. Dover Wilson, in "The Essential Shakespeare," "is not a Lear defiant, but a Lear redeemed. . . . Never is Lear greater, more tremendous, more his real self, than in the final moment, when he confronts *high judging Jove*, not with

the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,

but with the oblation of a broken heart."

André Maurois's "Cercle de Famille" seems tame when compared with "Le Noeud de Vipères," but what it misses in intensity it more than makes up in variety and immediate contemporary interest. The last scenes in the book include Briand's failure as candidate for the Presidency (June 1931); the last pages relate events of six months ago. Maurois's book should not be paralleled with Mauriac's. They belong to different orders of creative capacity: expansion versus concentration; facility and felicity against intensity; adroitness and opulence against effort and economy. None of André Maurois's previous novels is so rich in substance and contacts with life, and none is so alert. In Mauriac's book, the family circle is an Inferno, a sort of closed circus. It is limited in space and time. Maurois's "Cercle de Famille" is a cycle as well as a circle. It spreads upon several generations. It contains the history of a town, time, a soul, a family. And it touches public affairs and present ideas in so many places, it glitters with so many topical allusions that it reads towards the end as a roman *à clé*.

The "Cercle de Famille" is centred round Denise Herpain's destiny. She smelt, felt, guessed, when still a child, the nature of her mother's attachment to Dr. Guérin and hated her. She became an adolescent exile within her own class and *milieu*, found a refuge in the friendship, then in the love of her fellow student, Jacques, and escaped with him to Paris. That was just after the war. Such is the first part of the book: the inner life of a child within the life of a provincial town. I was delighted to meet Bernard Quesnay again in the streets of Pont de l'Eure. André Maurois is on his own native ground in the small industrial towns of Normandy.

Second part. Denise, now a student at La Sorbonne, breathes and expands. Clever sketches of the new Quartier Latin are interspersed in the narrative. Jacques disappointed Denise. He was recaptured by Pont de l'Eure and returned home to lead a bourgeois life. Denise gave him up and fled to the solitude of a Jura inn. A friend of Jacques, young Holmann, son of a great banker, followed her, made her his wife, although he knew she had been Jacques' mistress.

The third part is the most brilliant, and brims over with references to current topics. To end a novel by a chronicle is a bold experiment. Holmann is one of those younger captains of finance, full of good intentions, who still thought only two or three years ago that they were leading the world towards a new golden age. Why did Denise repeatedly betray her lovable husband? Why did she become a slave of the flesh? Because she was her hated mother's daughter and could not help herself? But what a slight foundation, this belief in moral heredity, for a novel so heavily laden with implications that it looks somewhat overtopped.

Maurois's ease, adroitness, and felicity are more evident than ever. The facility of his manner remains unimpaired. He never gets hampered by the vastness of his canvas; his art is the art of selection and mobility. He may seem at times overanxious to please. But this amiable weakness is probably an element of strength in his strategy. When he goes out of his way to quote other living writers, or throw a bouquet, bestow a smile on powerful celebrities, it is so swiftly, yet so sweetly done! What an excellent journalist! Lauterie, Monteix, the Baronne Choin, Bertrand, St. Astier, all are lifelike and recognizable. And the epigrams! "Russia," said Holman, "has just discovered America. In less than a hundred years, Russia will invent capitalism. . . ." "What I mean," said Bertrand, "is that we are God's robots. . . ." "Unemployment? France also has her many unemployed. Only she calls them rentiers. . . ."

Jules Romains, author of "Knock," "Le Dictateur," "Musse," also of "Les Copains," "Lucienne," and other important novels, needs no introduction from my pen. He is perhaps the only writer in France who could and would undertake the work he has just started in the two first volumes of "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté," viz.: "Le Six Octobre," and "Le Crime de Quinette." It is a stupendous task. He intends to describe in as many volumes as may become necessary—ten, fifteen, or more says he,—the present state of society in France, not merely in relation to a group or an individual, as is the wont of novelists, but in itself and for itself, after the manner of philosophy. To undertake such a colossal work at the present moment, is a healthy sign of optimism on the part of both author and publisher. Judging from this year's production the financial crisis seems greatly favorable to quality in literature. If I had been asked to select the one novelist who could add quantity to quality without undue risk, my choice would have fallen on no other than Jules Romains. He does not want "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté" to be judged on the two first volumes. Let us then suspend judgment. But if the rest is of the same thrilling and intense interest, if it does with the same success interweave its numerous elements, the work will be a masterpiece of world importance.

"Sabine," by Jacques de Lacretelle, is also the first volume of a series ("Les Hauts Ponts"), devoted to the history of a family. The difference between the epic of a society such as Balzac's or Zola's and the epic of a family, such as Galsworthy's Saga, or Martin du Gard's "Les Thibaut," is not easy to determine. Society and family are constantly overlapping. Their frontier is like the sandy banks of the Loire. Individualism threatens the family from inside ("Familles je vous hais," said André Gide). Society absorbs it from outside. In some countries, like Russia, the family system is already destroyed. In others, like France, it maintains itself, even after revolutions, and periodically reconquers a part of its positions through the combined forces of possessive instincts, moral inertia, commonsense, heredity, love of the soil. Jules Romains owes it to his doctrine of "Unanimisme" to look at all things and all creatures from the point of view of Society. Lacretelle starts from a single group, a single couple: Alexandre and Sabine Darambert. Sabine plays the truant and pays for it. Their daughter Lise will probably reconquer the estate of Les Hauts-Ponts. But at what cost? The book is free from all mannerisms and sophistication. A simple, direct tale, excellently written. A model of taste. Judging from "Sabine," the series of "Les Hauts-Ponts" can be recommended to those who want their reading to be also an education.

Julien Green's "Epaves" has not awakened the same interest as "Mont Cinère" and "Adrienne Mesurat." It is a slighter book, though not an inferior one. I do not share the impression of those who seem to think that Julien Green is petering out. The truth is that our public is now fighting shy of morbidities. However, it is not a sign of madness to make of madness one's study. If it were, Shakespeare would be a lesser poet than Samuel Johnson, and Hamlet a lesser character than Touchstone.

Louis Dumur's series of documentary novels on the Russian Revolution is growing in importance and interest as each new volume appears. "Les Fourriers De Lenine" relates within the frame of Nadia's pathetic story, a whole crowd of dramatic events: downfall of czarism; formation of the first Soviets; arrival of Lenin in his sealed German train; desperate fights of the Russian women's War Battalion; defeat and escape of Kerensky. Louis Dumur was an eyewitness of much of what he relates. He had lived many years in Russia. His books are a durable work of literature as well as of history.

Thrillers

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WEBER

BEFORE considering in detail the numerous murder mysteries and detective stories that have howled their way across the literary heath in the past few months, the reviewer would like to call attention to the growing habit among publishers of plastering spread-eagled dead men on the front of their mystery story jackets. The habit is growing so swiftly that one wonders when and where it will stop. On Dorothy Sayers's "Have His Carcase" a recumbent gentlemen (with a neat beard) stretches his cadaver gracefully across the jacket from S. E. to N. W.; on "By the Watchman's Clock," Leslie Ford's new murder yarn, two corpses form the hands of the clock; and on "Six Dead Men" by André Steeman, six neat little red carcasses in three pretty panels decorate the jacket. They would be more effective did they not look so much like the "nigger babies" one used to buy at the corner candy store. To what lengths the jacket makers will go one cannot tell but the tendency is dangerous. And with that dust-cover digression we may plunge into the contents.

"Six Dead Men," the Steeman book, translated from the French by Rosemary Benét and published by Farrar and Rinehart, $2, won the Prix du Roman d'Aventures for 1931. It is touched with the extravagance that mars, for some American readers, most French and Continental mystery yarns, and the basic plot resembles that used by J. J. Conington last year in "The Sweepstakes Mystery." Six young Frenchmen agree to leave home for five years to seek their fortunes. When they meet again they will pool their makings and divide six ways—or five if there are only five men left alive, or four—or three. It is very homicidal but would never have won a Prix du Roman d'Aventure in America or England. "By the Watchman's Clock" (Farrar and Rinehart—a name that pops up often among the current purveyors of extra good mystery yarns—$2) is notable because the murderer never comes to justice—at least in this life. A rich old Southerner, one of those crabbed ancients who is always changing his will, is killed in his library just before he transfers his latest changes from rough memoranda to the actual testament. In and near the house are several people who would have suffered had the will been altered. There are some chilling scenes, a comfortable absence of professional investigators, and much engagingly modern conversation. Of "Have His Carcase" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $2.) one need only say that here again Dorothy Sayers is at her best. One doubts if any writer of mysteries has kept up to as high a standard so steadily. "Have His Carcase" is another Peter Wimsey story and the author, "using the Humpty Dumpty method," goes back to the next but one of her stories for Lord Peter's charming assistant—that Harriet Vane

(*Continued on page 797*)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

GILBERT STUART. By WILLIAM T. WHITLEY. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1932. $5.

Through a diligent search of old newspapers, magazines, memoirs, and exhibition catalogues Mr. Whitley has made considerable additions to our scanty data concerning Stuart in England and Ireland. Indeed it seems likely that we have in this valuable supplementary material pretty nearly a clean sweep. We gain at least the titles of many English and Irish Stuarts which were unknown to Park, including such enticing items as family groups. While criticism lay apart from the author's course, the handling of the material is very workmanlike, and a vivid picture of the great portraitist who remained all his life a spoiled boy gradually emerges. It is a valuable contribution to a theme that seemed exhausted. All serious students of Gilbert Stuart and his art must consult it. The Harvard University Press has presented this excellent monograph in dignified and attractive form.

THE HISTORY OF TASTE. By FRANK P. CHAMBERS. New York: Columbia University Press. 1932. $4.25.

The history of European taste is here conceived as a development from a period, the Middle Ages, when there was virtually no consciousness of art as art, through a Renaissance growth in esthetic consciousness, with the emergence of the formalistic concept of the fine arts, classicism, to an ultimate romanticism which is exhausting itself in the pure individualism of expressionism. In an appendix the attempt is made to show that the same cycle came full in classical antiquity.

So broad a generalization seems an over simplification of a very complicated problem. At best it is true only for the ruling or official and recorded taste through the centuries. It would take much proving to show that Homeric Greece and Mediæval Europe were unconscious of the esthetic value of the marvels they so abundantly produced. Such a view is merely an inference from the absence of art criticism in those periods. One might further question whether such a term as classicism fairly characterizes centuries that produced besides Donatello, Raphael, and Poussin, the Old Bruegel, El Greco, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. Furthermore, when we write globally of the classicism of the Italian Renaissance, what place do we leave for Carpaccio, Ghirlandaio, and Dosso Dossi? all of whom the good classicist Vasari, for example, admired?

In short, the scope of this book is merely critical opinion of art as expressed in literature. With a certain naïveté we are asked to believe that Periclean Athens regarded its great temples and sculptures merely as religious utilities, and this because Demosthenes and Thucydides mention works of art without understanding enthusiasm.

Is it malicious to suggest that one would get little idea of the state of taste in America from the histories of Bancroft and Parkman?

Within its narrow scope this study is orderly and even instructive, and it offers bibliographical features of value to the special student. As writing it is without distinction, and the characterizations of great artists are generally inadequate and perfunctory, suggesting often an approach at second hand.

Belles Letters

THE ENGLISH POETIC MIND. By *Charles Williams*. Oxford: Clarendon Press. $2.50.

THE MAKING OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By *Thomas H. Dickinson*. Century. $2.50.

WARBURTON AND THE WARBURTONIANS. By *A. W. Evans*. Oxford Press. $3.75.

Biography

JONATHAN EDWARDS. By ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT, JR. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.50.

Students of American literature have long wished for a biographical appraisal of Jonathan Edwards which might be at once sympathetic with its subject and with modern ideas. The conception of the last of the great Puritan divines as the intellectual father of Emerson is too paradoxical in many of its elements to allow easy acceptance. Edwards's own writings contain too much out-moded dogma for sympathetic reading today. Allen's biography, now almost a half-century old, is too narrowly limited by purely theological considerations to be of much service except for the facts it contains. Parkes's hasty study is helpful in showing that the chasm is capable of spansion, but the bridge is not provided. Innumerable special studies have offered materials for the careful student, and confusion for the newcomer.

Mr. McGiffert's work gives exactly the sort of introduction to the mind of Edwards that the modern reader most desperately needed. Against a well-proportioned background knowledge of social history and philosophy, he has drawn a rapid but sympathetic portrait of the man. So short a biography might well be superficial, but no such charge can be brought in this case. Conviction in a lucid mind has made tedious elaboration unnecessary.

The materials for the study of Edwards's life are scant. The flashes of insight into his early emotional development which he gives in his "Personal Narrative" and his "Resolutions" can be documented only in a very general way. Samuel Hopkins has given us a momentary glimpse of his married life and of the personality of his wife. Some conclusions may be drawn indirectly from the admonitions in his sermons. But much still remains, and probably always will remain, untold.

Mr. McGiffert has attempted to discover no new material. He has turned rather to the drama of the mind than to that of circumstantial events. The chapters in which he analyzes the "Treatise Concerning the Religious Affections" and the "Freedom of the Will" are his most valuable contributions. Once the relationship is established between Edwards's early enthusiasm for a personal religious experience and his later defense of a modified Calvinistic determinism, the other paradoxes in his thought lend themselves more readily to solution. Mr. McGiffert's answer is brief and decisive: "Edwards stood by Calvinism. He sensed the reality that underlay its superstructure. His scent for facts was too keen to allow him to follow the red herring of incipient liberalism." "Edwards then did not succeed—who can?—in harmonizing his pantheism and his Calvinistic theism. He arbitrarily subjected the former to the latter. Theism triumphed over pantheism. Religion again took precedence as it had done when he was choosing a career." In the final analysis, the answer was temperamental rather than logical.

Although the theological element may still be too important a factor in this study for the whole-hearted acceptance of Edwards's thought by many today, Mr. McGiffert has proceeded as far as one may and still retain a sympathetic understanding of the fiery Puritan. His service to modern scholarship is great because his criticism is keyed to the ideals and the limitations of his subject, but is not in itself too much limited by them.

SO FAR SO GOOD. By *Elsie Janis*. Dutton. $4.

Fiction

MASQUERADE By JO VON AMMERS-KÜLLER. New York: Dutton. 1932. $2.50.

This novel, a translation from the Dutch, starts with a study of small-town family life in Delft—a good genre picture with its interest centred upon the endless game of hunt-the-bridegroom, mothers and older daughters participating, younger schoolgirl sisters perceiving, wondering, half sharing on their own account. Tina, the schoolgirl heroine, learns much disillusionment in this way and so is full of fears and perplexity when her own problems begin. She wishes to be honest and wise in her love but is distressed by the masquerades and the half-truths which surround her, and is totally baffled by what seems to her the irreconcilable conflict between passion and rational sympathetic affection. She rejects the one with disgust and is incompletely satisfied by the other; and the contrasts and conflicts between these two elements, in herself and others, form the theme of the greater part of the book. One sentence states the problem as the author sees it. Tina says: "We don't understand. That makes us see love as something double-faced; all nice on the outside, politeness, respectful tenderness . . . but underneath is the other sort, something fierce and mysterious that is hushed up and never spoken of—only you can't help getting glimpses of it all around you."

The problem at the close is still unresolved. The storm of a fresh contact with the old rejected lover is renewed, in spite of the reality of an existing happy home. Whether the inevitability of the conflict is proved is doubtful, for the book is written with insufficient dramatic power to carry the reader off his feet. The absence of sensationalism is welcome, but there is almost too quiet a plodding in the earlier parts, and almost too set a thesis in the later, to be wholly convincing. This is, however, not to lack appreciation of a quiet and honest study of difficult problems.

Foreign

LE CERCLE DE FAMILLE. By *André Maurois*. Paris: Grasset.

Government

PROHIBITION VERSUS CIVILIZATION. By *Harry Elmer Barnes*. Viking Press. $1.

Thrillers

(*Continued from page 796*)

who so narrowly escaped the gallows in "Strong Poison." The solution is worked out with close attention to detail, giving that effect so much to be desired in a mystery story—that of unrolling as it goes along, rather than the conscious gathering up of threads deliberately tangled. Like "Suspicious Characters" it calls for close reading—but it is rewarding entertainment. "Have His Carcase," without any straining, is an "intelligent" mystery. Ellery Queen in "The Greek Coffin Mystery" (Stokes, $2) by throwing on all the lugs tries to be ultra intelligent and succeeds in becoming a bit soggy. Frankly, this impression is not given so much by the book itself as by a pompously ridiculous little leaflet inserted in each copy wherein the author (or authors) tells how the story should be studied, etc. Throw away this circular, destroy it utterly, and then you can enjoy the strange circumstances surrounding the death and burial of George Khalkis. Preposterous is also the word to describe Drury Lane, the trick criminal investigator who gyrates through the pages of an otherwise excellent mystery story, "The Mystery of X" by Barnaby Ross (Viking, $2). It, too, runs to long words and subtle deductions but is chockful of action and has a surprising dénouement which nobody under the sun will ever believe.

Turning a moment from the analytico-deductive-pons asinorum school of mysteries we may consider a few of the hard-boiled variety. Right at the top of these is "No, No, the Woman," by Norman Klein. Here is a yarn that at the start has certain slight surface resemblances to the Ellery Queen story—but what a difference in treatment. An aged heiress, a dipsomaniac and a psycopath, is buried from her Fifth Avenue mansion and a lot of precious heirs swoop down for the fortune. They are all hard boiled but the hardest of all is the fair Leslie Cobb, who shoots through the book like a sky-rocket. There are killings, kidnappings, gang fights, some of the most lurid language that ever sneaked into any book, and action at top speed throughout. It's hard-boiled, but it's honest, modern, and top-notch entertainment (Farrar and Rinehart, $2). A little more suave is "News Reel" by Robert T. Casey (Bobbs-Merrill, $2), a new adventure of Jim Sands and Joe Crewe. The first murder occurs in the dark room of a moving-picture laboratory. There are several more homicides and a generally gory trail that leads to a totally unexpected conclusion. Another hard-boiled yarn is "A Dagger in the Dark" by Walter Eberhardt (Morrow, $2). The hero—if so he may be called—is a totally unscrupulous private detective. He sets out to recover some stolen jewels, runs abaft a murder, is almost killed himself, gets mixed up with a lovely "gun girl" and as unsavory a gangster mob as you'd find outside of real life, finds a dead man on his doorstep and so on through brutal third degrees, machine-guns and the like to the final climax in a police attack on an apartment house—a swell rewrite of the late Crowley affair. Murderous as the American writers of the Hammett school may be they are topped by our old friend Sax Rohmer in "Yu'an He See Laughs" (Doubleday, Doran, $2). Not content with killings by one and twos or nines and tens, Mr. Rohmer's latest villain sends his victims to their doom by the shipload. Rohmer's devotees will accept it and, no doubt, enjoy it. To this reviewer it seemed rather ludicrous—more like a Corey Ford burlesque of a Sax Rohmer yarn than a real Rohmer. In conclusion may we suggest "The Publizer Prize Murders" by Dorothy Heyward (Farrar and Rinehart, $2) as exceptionally good reading. The title means nothing—or very little—having nothing to do with recent discontented remarks about the judgments of the Pulitzer pundits. It does involve a stolen manuscript, a haunted house, a mysterious clock resembling the one that "stopped . . . short . . . never to run again," a superannuated detective who would never give up his man if he had to live to be a centenarian to get him, and a proper assortment of incidental characters. Nothing more genuinely spooky has been written this year.

Letter from an Unknown Woman
By Stefan Zweig
author of AMOK $1.25

This novelette by the author of *Amok* is a superb love story in miniature. It tells the dramatic story of a woman's undying passion for a famous novelist who has forgotten her existence.

The Journal of Arnold Bennett
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Sheba Visits Solomon
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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety per cent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

T. M., Washington, D. C., is interested in cultural changes in the small town, especially the Middle West small town, over the past fifteen years, and would like to know what has been done in recording or illustrating them, by contemporary American writers. Also, if there is anything on the order of "Middletown" but dealing more particularly with rural community life, he would like to know of it.

AT this season when reading clubs are everywhere consulting me about courses of study for the coming year, I hope that this subject and at least some of these books may attract them. There is—happily—no sense in pretending that America is New York; no, nor Chicago. There is unhappily slight cause for assuming that America is Milwaukee or Cleveland or—perhaps I had better pause in my personal list of enlightened municipalities. But the hope of America may lie in the fact that its least common denominator is the small town.

Hope might be hardly the word some of us would use, especially those of us who are familiar with the fiction of the past fifteen years. Novels, it should be borne in mind, are more than likely to be written by precisely the type of human being to whom small-town life and standards of life—especially the latter—are bound to be antipathetic. They would be to one who found the walled gardens of England or France, or the apartment-house obligation that makes New York neighbors mutually repellent particles, more congenial than a local public opinion that may in one section of the country require blinds not to be drawn in living-rooms after the lights are lighted, or in another inspire such a burst of civic pride as that with which I was once told, "you can have a real home here; everybody knows everything about everybody." Even on that occasion there was a slightly sour note in the harmony: his wife murmured across the table. "Listen to George F. Babbitt." For this was in 1922, and for two years it had been growing increasingly difficult to enjoy life in a small town without a certain air of bravado or apology. How often, riding from station to hotel in the car of a leading citizen, I have heard him say as we turned in to the central thoroughfare "—and *this* is—gulp—er, Main Street." The literature of the small town in America could date itself *ab urbe condita*—after the founding of Gopher Prairie.

In this the twelfth year post-Lewis, Phil Stong puts a robust shoulder under the rural community and with one hoist lifts it cheerfully out of the bog with "State Fair" (Century). It is an auspicious moment for the appearance of so brisk a novel. For there are times—and this is one of them—when the despondent metropolitan mind turns upon the small community such a look as social reformers in Robert Owen's time case upon America and the unshackled wilderness beyond the Alleghenies, where if anywhere new harmony or the New Jerusalem might have a chance. For in such moments one reflects that the hope of the small town is precisely that it is small. It can, if it will, be a community, not an aggregation; an organism, not a machine perpetually out of order. So Athens believed, anyway, and for a small city Athens did pretty well.

Not that there are noticeable resemblances between Athens of the fourth century B. C. and the western industrial community of which Albert Blumenthal's "Small-town Stuff" (University of Chicago) is a cross-section. This is the book that Bertha F. Hulseman, librarian of Russell Sage Foundation, whose suggestions I have gratefully incorporated in this list, selects as most nearly approximating the purpose and subject-matter of "Middletown." Its "Mineville" put Phillipsburg, Montana, on our literary map early this year, a county seat where "only the extremely pathological and the genius seem to be absent. With such an array of character displaying itself under the limelight on small-town conditions, Mineville becomes a laboratory *par excellence* for the study of personality from the cradle to the grave." For those born in Mineville are fairly often buried there. Glenway Wescott in "Goodbye Wisconsin" may define the Middle West as "a state of mind of people born where they do not want to live," but Montana's young man says "I like the town—that's all. When a fellow goes away he gets lonesome because he don't know a soul. It's sure nice to know who the people are that you see."

"The Awakening Community," by Mary Mims (Century), is "the adventurous record of over three hundred organized communities in Louisiana," but I have been recommending it to people all over the country whose needs it may meet. "It reflects," says the introduction, "the new attitudes of democratic leadership in community organization in this country," and indicates fresher ways of looking at home, the farm and daily work in terms of national life. "Rural Community Types," by E. T. Hillis and others (Univ. of Illinois, Studies in social sciences, vol. 26 no. 4, 1928), contrasts a non-mobile cooperative type of rural settlement of East Frisians and their descendants in Illinois, with a mobile, individuated Illinois settlement of French Canadians and their descendants. "The Story of a Village Community," by H. O. Seveance (Stechert, 1931), concerns directly a village in Michigan, but applies to almost any other settlement of like size and conditions. Vermont's Commission on Country Life comes to the front with "Rural Vermont: a program for the future" (Burlington: the Commission, 1931) of which I have already spoken. "Small Towns: an estimate of their trade and culture," by Walter Burr (Macmillan 1930), is a valuable statement of basic facts, largely from personal observation, with a background of research; the author is Professor of Rural Sociology at the University of Missouri. T. B. Manny's recently published "Rural Municipalities" (Century) suggests a new unit of government to replace existing forms of small town government. "Farm Children," by Baldwin, Fillmore and Hadley (Appleton) reports from the field in selected areas of Iowa. "Children at the Crossroads," by Agnes E. Benedict (Commonwealth Fund) is a visiting teacher's study of nine typical maladjusted children in rural counties of Ohio, New Jersey and Missouri. "Guiding Rural Boys and Girls," by Orie L. Hatcher (McGraw), provides sensible and elastic programs for the use of rural schools. I do not know how conditions since 1929 have affected "little country theatres" and similar enterprises in high schools, state fairs and so on, but in that year, when Kenneth Macgowan's "Footlights Across America" (Harcourt) appeared, his report on their extraordinary numbers and flourishing condition was most encouraging. The book is concerned primarily with "the new national theatre which is arising outside the commercial show-business," but its chapters on "Bringing Drama to the Farmers" and "The High Schools Breed a New Audience" bear directly upon this inquiry.

If one may include small cities in which the village spirit lingers—and it is to be found even in some large cities—a fairly varied list of novels in illustration of this subject could be assembled. "State Fair" now leads; its people enjoy life and one enjoys them; the chances of a prize Hampshire hog at the fair are as much a matter of the reader's concern as if it were a Hampshire fair overseas—for somehow we have never thought of life in an English village as dull. It isn't in Eden Phillpotts's "Stormbury" or E. F. Benson's Riseholm in "Queen Lucia," and according to the record in either of these novels, nothing much happens there. It wasn't dull in the provincial city where Marcel Proust's invalid aunt managed to know everybody's business without leaving her bed, in "Swann's Way."

Going to High School is no exhilarating prospect in Nard Jones's "Oregon Detour" (Brewer) and leaving it for matrimony not much better. There is heartache in Dawn Powell's "Dance Night" (Farrar), where "everybody" goes to the weekly dancing academy function and if you are left out you're nobody. Life is far from piquant in Ruth Suckow's "The Bonney Family" (Knopf). Ivan Beede's "Prairie Women" (Harper) takes one of them from her honeymoon trip to the Chicago Fair to existence emeritus in California. "Three Steeples," by Leroy MacLeod (Covici) centers in a church from its building to its burning; involved in this unusually strong novel is the life of an Indiana farming community. There is Western farm life in M. B. Hart's "Dead Women's Shoes" (Crowell). "Heat Lightning," by Helen Hull (Coward) a memorable novel of the year, disposes of the notion that things stagnate in small places, or that passions increase in proportion to the population. This takes place within a week in a small Middle-Western town; two stories for adolescents, whose atmosphere and spirit are so reliable that they may be admitted to this list, present life in the hill-country of the South: "The Mountain Girl," by Genevieve Fox (Houghton), and "The Here-to-Yonder Girl" (Macmillan).

When a reader finds out something from this column, sometimes I get a letter telling why he wanted to know it. Thus M. M. R., Connecticut, writes: "Thank you just ever so much for the information about Phoebe Snow. Twice in the past two or three years I have been told by different persons that I was like her, so I felt it was time I became acquainted with her and I could find nothing in the library. My work is soil chemistry, of course very dirty work; no one understands how I manage not to show the soil, hence these references by persons not connected with the library, but they wouldn't tell me who she was."

J. D. H., San Francisco, Cal., wants a list of books concerning Balzac's literary style, preferably recent, as he is already acquainted with the better-known.

Most of the books about Balzac concern themselves less with his literary style, of which he himself had clearly no high opinion, than with the amazing vitality of his people, who may be discussed by economists or psychiatrists as profitably as if they were subjects in a case-book and with far more sense of acquaintance. "Studies in Balzac's Realism," by E. Preston Dargan, W. L. Crain and others, is a publication of the University of Chicago for the present season. "Honoré de Balzac and his Figures of Speech," by J. Burton, comes from the Princeton University Press, and "Correspondence of Physical and Material Factors with Character in Balzac," by Gilbert M. Fess, from the University of Pennsylvania. The best-known recent book about him is Stefan Zweig's "Three Masters" (Viking), in which he shares searching and understanding treatment with Dickens and Dostoievsky. The collection of "Golden Tales from Balzac," published by Dodd, Mead, has a critical introduction by George Saintsbury. "Balzac," by Réné Benjamin (Knopf) is an important contribution; "Balzac in Slippers," by Leon Gozlan (McBride), personal study by a close friend, written long ago and first put into English in 1929, to the amusement as well possibly as the amazement of some readers. "Balzac; the man and the lover," by Francis H. Gribble (Dutton) mainly records his activities in the latter capacity, in the manner that has made this writer's name into a verb. Of earlier works still in print in English, there is a Balzac chapter in Henry James's "The Question of our Speech" (Houghton); Taine's "Balzac" is published by Funk and Wagnalls; "Honoré de Balzac," by Ferdinand Brunetiere, is published in English by Lippincott and you can get it in French in the inexpensive series of classics published by Nelson. For a beginner there is an essay in "John Morley and other Essays," by George McLean Harper (Princeton U. Press), that makes a friendly guide to the order in which one may most conveniently take the volumes of the Comédie Humaine. This reader would be glad to know of pamphlets, such as M. Guerard's, published by the Rice Institute; whether they are in French, as that is, will make no difference.

C. E. M., Atlanta, Ga., asks if McGuffey's readers can now be procured.

The American Book Company still publishes the set of McGuffey's Eclectic Readers, but they are not quite the same old stand-bys celebrated, for instance, in Mark Sullivan's "Our Times." Along in the nineties they were revised, and survived it. Nothing, it appears, can do away with McGuffey, any more than time can kill Webster's blue-back speller. "Do they still buy the old blue-back?" said I to the A. B. C. "*Don't* they!" was the reply.

V. P., Massachusetts, intending to spend the summer in Normandy, wishes books about this part of the world.

Sisley Huddleston, always at home in France, is at his best in his beloved countryside, and in "Normandy" (Doubleday) provides an informal guide and accompaniment to life there; its sub-title is "its charm, its curiosities, its antiquities, its history, its topography"; this large order it competently and pleasantly fills. Another book of his well worth reading is "Between the River and the Hills" (Lippincott), illustrated with lovely photographs. As this family includes young people, Paul B. Watson's "Tales of Normandie" (Jones) might well be taken along; it tells about the Bayeux tapestry, Mont St. Michel, Joan of Arc, Charlotte Corday and others. There is a Blue Guide, "Normandy" (Macmillan) and a Little Guide for it (McBride), as well as a "Highways and Byways in Normandy" (Macmillan).

For High School Age

By MARGARET K. SOIFER

GOOD books are not generally written for boys and girls of high school age—nor need they be. At thirteen or fourteen, a child may well begin to accustom himself to adult literature, especially if he has sympathetic adult guidance. Contemporary books, as a rule, hold a greater attraction for him than the classics, because usually they are in his own idiom. This is particularly true of modern biography, though, because of its present vogue, many "Lives" have been shoddily prepared in book form to meet the commercial demand. Some discrimination, therefore, must be exercised in selecting books that are sound and worthy. Here is a list of recent biographies recommended for high school students because they are written simply and are significant as literature and life. Each one of these books is about a person who has achieved distinction in his chosen work.

"FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO." By W. H. HUDSON. (Dutton, $2.). There is also an illustrated edition with appropriate wood engravings by Eric Fitch Daglish. This book, the story of the early life of a great nature writer, deals with birds, trees, and children.

"MARBOCKA." By SELMA LAGERLOF. (Doubleday, $2.)

While this book includes only the incidents of the novelist's early childhood, and has a storylike quality, the conviction of reality is strong.

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS." (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75.)

This is an honest book, which records the life history of a strong temperament, a man who touched nearly every side of life in modern America.

"NOGUCHI." By GUSTAV ECKSTEIN. (Harper, $3.)

An American scientist here undertakes the portrayal of an illustrious Japanese biologist. There is a warm human quality in Dr. Eckstein's writing that does not sacrifice scientific accuracy.

"THE SAMARITANS OF MOLOKAI." By CHARLES J. DUTTON. (Dodd, Mead, 1932. $3).

This is the life of Father Damien in a leper colony. The spirit of utter devotion to duty pervades the book, happily free from the sentimentality that usually spoils books about self-sacrifice.

"THE GREAT PHYSICIAN: A Short Life of Sir William Osler." By EDITH GITTINGS REID. (Oxford Press, $3.50.)

Here is a book that will mean much to a young student whose ambition is to become a physician. It is a well-documented, authentic work about one who is worthy to be set up as an ideal.

Boys and girls who are starting their own libraries from the savings of limited allowances will find the following suggestions from among modern biographies helpful. These are books that cost only $1 each.

"BARNUM." By M. R. WERNER (Star).

"FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR." By MICHAEL PUPIN (Scribner).

"MEET GENERAL GRANT." By W. E. WOODWARD (Star).

"LIFE OF PASTEUR." By D. VALLERY-RADOT (Star).

"FOOTLIGHTS AND SPOTLIGHTS." By OTIS SKINNER (Blue Ribbon).

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN." By CARL SANDBURG (Blue Ribbon).

"MICROBE HUNTERS." By PAUL DE KRUIF (Harcourt-Brace).

"HUNGER FIGHTERS." By PAUL DE KRUIF (Harcourt-Brace).

Although it may not be considered strictly modern, "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" is of course one of the vertebrae in the backbone of a growing library. It may now be had in the Modern Library edition for 95 cents.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

SEVERAL things have happened lately to make the general feeling of affairs more cheerful. For instance, Owen D. Young's excellent commencement address at Notre Dame, John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s sensible letter about Prohibition, and the fact that a lady walked into a bookstore on 45th Street, said she was only looking around, and then bought seven large and beautiful volumes on art subjects.

In journalism, I have been mostly pleased by the New York *World-Telegram*. When the Pulitzer committee goes over the files for the best cartoon of 1932, I hope it won't forget to consider Rollin Kirby's drawing of Doctor Wm. H. Walker (brother of the Mayor) performing the operation of fee-splitting.

In the same newspaper, George Abell's dispatches from Washington often contain delicious barbs of burlesque. His account, in grave social-column style, of the doings of butlers and second-men in the various embassies was superb; as also his report of Mrs. Dolly Gann's dialogue, naively entrusted to public kilocycles, on the gravities of her social routine.

Other satisfactions: The pamphlet *Give Us Small Books* sent out by the Lakeside Press of Chicago; the fact that James Bone, one of the ablest reporters in any language, is coming over to describe the Democratic Convention for the Manchester *Guardian* and Baltimore *Sun;* and reading the admirable article on ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD in the Encyclopædia Britannica. This last was commended to us by Mr. Benjamin Morton.

The most serious problem that remains is attending to unanswered letters before postage rises to 3 cents on July 6.

Micky Mouse, says a letter in the London *Times,* dates from 1650. A correspondent of the *Times* finds a legal document of that date in the Public Record Office, London, in which Michael Mouse and Nathaniel Mouse are listed among the defendants in a real estate dispute.

A good inscription for graduation time is that carved on one of the gateways of the University of Pennsylvania. HIS E PORTIS QUI EXIERINT DURUM PATI VERUM COLERE HONESTUM FACERE LAPSIS SUCCURRERE EGENTIBUS AUXILIARI PARATI SINT. I asked a young U of P student if he could translate it for me. "I'm sorry," he said, "I'm specializing in Spanish." A scholar in Spanish might find a little Latin useful, too. Anyhow, it seems to go like this: "May those who leave these portals be prepared to endure hardship, cherish truth, work honestly, succor the fallen and assist the needy."

Speaking of Philadelphia, the article on that city in the new *Everyman's Encyclopædia* (vol. 10) offers possible controversy. We read: "It is sometimes called the Quaker City, though the Quaker influence is now nil. The Daughters of the Revolution, a society of great social importance, has a large contingent here. This town is noted, like Boston, for social exclusiveness. Though equally busy, it is a quieter and more sedate city than New York."

I hope you didn't miss Stella Benson's delightful article about the Everyman's Encyclopædia in this *Review,* May 28.

A loud cheer for Hugh Walpole, who says in his London letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* that Kipling's last volume, *Limits and Renewals,* "contains three stories of simply superb quality—stories that no living writer in England or America could conceivably rival. . . . There are, of course, some very bad things, as there have been in every volume that Kipling has ever published save *Kim* and the *Jungle Books.* But there is genius here."

This pleases me. Kipling is not, nor is any great writer, for those incapable of severe discriminations. But to miss the finest things in *Limits and Renewals* is to miss some of the headiest wine earth's vineyard affords. The book has sold about 7,000 copies in this country.

Remarkable among ship libraries, and mostly disregarded by passengers, is the collection of books in the Fall River Line steamers. Aboard the *Commonwealth* I observed not only an excellent assortment of standard fiction but many works on religion, philosophy, fishing, and New England's picturesques. It was pleasant and surprising to see all the Houghton Mifflin poets in the good old Cambridge Edition. Other titles, unsuspected by cheerful twirlers in the *Commonwealth's* dancing café topside, were: *Best Thoughts of Plato, Swedenborg's Works, The Oxford Book of English Verse,* and *Walden.* Among fiction: Frank Stockton, Eugene Field, Sara Orne Jewett, O. W. Holmes, Margaret Deland, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Anthony Hope, William De Morgan, Wilkie Collins, Rider Haggard, and several volumes of Sherlock Holmes.

The Fall River Line indulges in nautical terms all its own, such as "dome deck" and "gallery deck." Most of its week-end patrons are not critical of marine vocabulary. "There's a bell-buoy with a green flash," said one of the dancers to his lady-friend. "Why does a bell-boy need a flashlight?" she replied.—The *Commonwealth's* moral emblem is a painting of three females who represent Justice, the Common Law, and (I guess) the State of Massachusetts. It is "Copyright 1908 by Geo. M. Carpenter." Common Law is rigidly disregarding a hornful of goldpieces at her feet, an attitude which Tammany might copy.

Bill Britton, Doubleday Doran's representative on the Coast, reports driving from California to New York to attend the semi-annual sales conference of his firm. Bill offers his Buick's record as a mark for the trade to shoot at. From Los Angeles via Seattle to New York he clocked 5,654 miles. He used 582 gallons of gas, cost $109.76; 37 quarts of oil, plus grease, cost $21.65. Washing and storage, $17.50; other expenses, $85.15; total, $234.06. His overnight stops from Seattle were Spokane, Boise, Salt Lake, Parco (Wyo.), Denver, La Junta, Wichita, Hannibal, Fort Wayne, Ligonier (Pa.). His longest day's run was 583 miles. Actual driving time from Seattle, 100 hours and 15 minutes (4,162 miles).

I had not heard of Parco (Wyo.) before. Bill Britton says the hotel there is exceptionally good.

Drawing Out Leviathan

(*Drawn out from page* 795)

when *Leviathan* was mentioned, as to whether she was wet or dry? Well, she's wet, as a good ship should be.

Wednesday, May 4.—Grand Salon, tied up to dock at Bremerhaven and I'm the only passenger on board. We docked about 1 P.M.; an hour later all passengers were ashore, and soon after that, those of the crew who had liberty. The ink wells are full, pens and blotters new, a bulging supply of paper and envelopes. When I'm stuck on a spelling I can look at the four episodes in the life of *Pandora,* painted by Gerard de Lairesse (1640-1711). The Kaiser owned this magnificent set; the *Vaterland,* his pet ship, seemed the perfect setting for them. And here they are—not hung, but set two each in the port and starboard walls, with the rest of the Salon quietly but obviously acknowledging their pivotal importance. (There was one passenger who spent the voyage looking at them; he told me the Kaiser had them insured for a fabulous sum.) I wonder how many *Leviathan* passengers never see them. I wonder if the insurance was paid.

Directly under the smoking room was another quiet haven which I am almost ashamed to mention—the Library. And why ashamed? Because I was in it just one time—my first look-around. I'll be back, I thought, to grab one of these books after I've finished those I've brought along. I peeked through the glass at several titles as new as 1932, I think. *And Life Goes On, Three Loves, Her Secret Self* (Ellen Terry); What I Really Wrote About the War (unknown author), etc., etc. Also honorably shabby copies of *John Mistletoe* and of all surprises—*Seven Men.*

More will I be condemned when I tell you the titles I tucked in my bag—*Casuals of the Sea, Passing Stranger, Leaves of Grass, Leviathan.* Your own recommendation about Hobbes sent me scurrying to Alfred Goldsmith's for a second hand copy of the latter, but he had to order one for me, please rush, Oxford Press ($1.50). You see I thought it would be great to read *Leviathan* on *Leviathan;* I could easily digest both at once. "I am large, I contain multitudes." O! Yeah?

W. S. H.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WILL business man who discussed economics in club car of Twentieth Century last Wednesday please read RECOVERY and tell me in this column why he shouldn't be autographed by Louis Untermeyer and sold down the river as a perfect mate for Donkey Hotê. EX-HOOVERCRAT, c/o *Saturday Review.*

TUTOR: Young man, A. B., experienced, wants position anywhere. Address G, *Saturday Review.*

NEWSPAPER WOMAN who jingles and rhymes
Dulcet as birdies, and mellow as chimes,
Longs for to barter her talent for pelf.
Ponder a bit:—Can't you use her yourself?
Miriam, *Saturday Review.*

YOUNG MAN, ready to lead America to Nirvana, desires following. Harvard students need not apply. D, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

TYLER'S OUTLOOK—A clean, healthful vacation place. Mountain scenery. Plenty of good food. $18 to $25. Folder. George L. Tyler, West Newbury, Vt.

ADVISE young woman on West 63rd Street, who is interfering with work of student by practising gymnastic postures before open window, to apply Fox Film Corp. for role of Margy Frake in STATE FAIR, if she can cry "Ah, God!" in anguish and delight. BINOCULARS, c/o *Saturday Review.*

WANTED, a Jonathan Scrivener. Bored, but imaginative. Will go anywhere, do anything affording mental stimulation. Salary of least importance to gentleman of "Parts." C. H., c/o *Saturday Review.*

TELL story of my life to good lis
will pay for the drinks. Opport
journalist needing rich material. Remember Trader Horn. OLD MAN OF THE SEA, c/o *Saturday Review.*

AUTOGRAPHS. Why pester innocent authors to sign books; bad manners, infernal nuisance. Few autographs worth having anyway. Buy genuine signed copies from famous second-hand dealer. List on application. SPARROW, c/o *Saturday Review.*

Ex-N. Y. *WORLD* reporter, female, accurate observer, humorous, trifle cynical, seen Big Shots from behind and did not peep. Will take job that requires and deserves absolutely prime copy. WOMAN OF "THE WORLD," c/o *Saturday Review.*

YOUNG LADY having just read Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* would like to meet someone who would be willing to discuss it with her. Address F., *Saturday Review.*

CASTLE in the Austrian Alps, long a private residence, will take a few paying guests this summer. Lessons in German may be had from a university teacher. Trout fishing. Rates very reasonable. References desired. Z, c/o *Saturday Review.*

FATHER'S DAY—(whenever it is)—the ideal gift for a thoughtful sire, a subscription to this *Saturday Review.* $3.50. Remit to Dept. P. E. G. Q., which has plenty of time on its hands this summer.

I WILL MAKE POEMS with reference to ensemble, said Walt Whitman. Literary ladies who want chic on minimum budget see my cotton ensemble. Admired at publishers' teas. JEANNE THILLE, Free Lance Dressmaker, c/o *Saturday Review.*

MUSIC HATH CHARMS. Anybody desiring to own an R. C. A. Radio in attractive Cabinet, 1930 Model which two years ago was purchased for almost four hundred dollars can now buy it for a song. Special attachment for eliminating crooners. Address E, *Saturday Review.*

ONE of 5,000 new Columbia graduates, but Gentile. Specimen preferences: Zasu Pitts, Dr. Seuss, *Variety, Saturday Review,* Edgeworth tobacco, stories by Saki, woollen socks. Good dancer, agnostic, bashful, prefer French literature to English. Need job. UNPRINCIPLED, c/o *Saturday Review.*

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I should like to imagine 100,000 people laying aside the woes and colics of our flea-bitten life to revel in this cosmic adventure. It is my candidate for the BOOK OF THE SUMMER.

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NEWS comes from Pacific Grove, California, that the wife of a Stanford professor has written a satire of present day life that impressed no less a writer than *Harry Leon Wilson* and has caused much mirth on the Coast. It is called "Look What Brains Can Do," and the author is *Mrs. W. K. Fisher,* or, as she is better known in Salinas, *Evelyn Benson,* bacteriologist. The book is published by W. T. Lee, Inc., Monterey, California, and is illustrated by one *Albert McKibben.* It costs a dollar. It "takes off" with good-natured raillery, everything from the Western college to senators and congressmen who drink wet and vote dry. We hope the little book will come East soon. . . .

A twenty page booklet bound in stiff paper cover and selling for fifty cents a copy is "Scottsboro Limited," four Poems and a Play in Verse by *Langston Hughes,* illustrated with lithographs by *Prentiss Taylor.* It concerns the tragedy of the nine negro boys tried at Scottsboro in the State of Alabama, eight of whom were railroaded to the death house at Kilby. Apply Prentiss Taylor, The Golden Stair Press, 23 Bank St., New York City.

Carrefours in Paris, at 16 Rue Denfert Rochereau, with New York offices at 475 Fifth Avenue, has recently issued a statement concerning an international movement founded in Paris in 1930, whereby offices for the distribution of anonymous books were established in New York and in conjunction with Desmond Harmsworth, Ltd., in London. One of the books published was "USA With Music." This was written 1924-1928 by *Walter Lowenfels* with music by *George Antheil.* The authorship is now disclosed, Carrefours intimate, because of a similarity which has distressed them between the plot and action of "USA With Music" and the recent prizewinning "Of Thee I Sing," which won the Pulitzer award. They quote a comment in *The New York Times* of May 2nd which mentioned "obvious similarities," and say they are now giving up the experiment of publishing anonymous books. Carrefours furnishes a mimeographed page of a few parallels, out of "some forty pages of parallels," between "USA With Music" and "Of Thee I Sing." Last Fall the *Richard Aldington* Award for Poetry was divided between *Walter Lowenfels* and *E. E. Cummings* and Mr. Lowenfels is the author of an elegy, "in the manner of a requiem," in memory of *D. H. Lawrence,* which Carrefours will soon bring out. . . .

Louis Untermeyer furnishes us with the following:

> You remember, of course, that lovely early English "The Cherry Tree Carol" without my referring you to page 30 of "The Book of Living Verse." Well, Sam Barlow, the composer, has made one of the loveliest setting of this condensed ballad I have ever heard. Further, it seems that Nina Kochetz was to sing it over the N. B. C. The song, however, was not sung, for Mme. Kochetz was informed by letter from Julian Street, Jr., that "the lyric was deemed unsuitable for broadcasting." Just who, I wonder, would be offended by the story of Mary and Joseph? The Cherry-Growers Association?

Arthur Guiterman and his wife have sailed for Holland and expect to spend some time in Belgium and to go down through Southern Germany to Vienna. Arthur is due back in this country the end of July, however, when he will go to Boulder, Colorado, to conduct a semester on poetry writing for the University of Colorado. After that he expects to spend some weeks in Arlington, Vermont. . . .

Ben Ray Redman, author of "Down in Flames," and erudite commentator on new editions of old books for *Books* of the *New York Herald Tribune,* and his wife *Frieda Inescort,* who has been seen this past season on Broadway in the comedy, "Springtime for Henry," have sailed for England where they expect to spend a good part of the summer. . . .

Faith Baldwin recently wrote a poem to her publishers, Farrar & Rinehart, the last verse of which runs

Oh, Mr. Hodges and Mr. Mays
Please sell my books, because it pays;
Oh, Mr. Mays and Mr. Hodges,
Seek out man's farthest haunts and lodges,
And pounding at each (literate) door
For every book within, sell four.

And *Arthur W. Bell* of Falmouth, Massachusetts, sends us the following well-turned verse which the Tentmaker would have relished

For Omar's soul he asks no mass;
And here's our chance to pull one:
Turn down for him an empty glass,
Who ne'er turned down a full one.

We have several times mentioned *The Frontier,* a Western magazine which is trying to help writers of the Northwest to genuine expression of life in that region. Connected with it is a project to be undertaken by the State University of Montana at Missoula this summer. The State University offers a School of Creative Writing from June 20th to July 29th and will hold a Second Conference of Writers on July 18th, 19th, and 20th. Another feature of its summer session will be a trip through Glacier Park, July 21st to 24th. *H. G. Merriam,* Professor of English and Editor of the *Frontier,* will have the school and conference in charge, and full information may be obtained from the Director of the Summer Session, State University, Missoula, Montana. . . .

The story goes that *Gene Fowler,* author of "The Great Mouthpiece," which has been a best-seller since last October, refused to sign a new R. K. O. writer's contract because one of the clauses in the document called for him to remain "moral" while in the studio's employ. Fowler retorted:

> I can make no promise, and at my age—and particularly with my liver—immorality is a luxury.

Rudyard Kipling has now been elected to honorary fellowship of Magdalene College, Cambridge, the college of *Samuel Pepys,* who entered it as a sizar in 1651. "When his shade and Mr. Kipling get together," comments the *London Times,* "as they certainly will—between midnight and dawn, what glorious yarning there will be about ships and shipping, and books and ciphers, and workers and shirkers, and a score of other subjects of interest to these two lovers of life and of the men and things that fill it!" . . .

Two odd bits of information from Houghton Mifflin are that *Rafael Sabatini's* "Scaramouche," which, though he had been writing fiction and biography for some time, first made him a big best-seller, was turned down by six publishers before, he says, "like Columbus, it discovered America for me." Another item is that *Kate Douglas Wiggin's* delicious "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," published years ago by Houghton Mifflin, and being released the end of this month as a motion picture by the Fox Film Corporation, has by this time sold nearly one million copies. . . .

Anne Pursee, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, writes us, "apropos of Mr. Holt's delightful "Wild Names I Have Met,"

> ıt possible that you are not already quainted with my favorite story ...out the English lady who was visiting in America who pronounced the name of the mid-Western metropolis Chick'-a-go? An American friend attempted to enlighten her: "Pardon me, but here we call it She-cog-o." "Do you," replied the Britisher. "Well, I call it Chick'-a-go."

Sara Teasdale has been announced as Honor Poet of Poetry Week 1932, for New York State. She will be awarded the gold medal of honor, suitably inscribed, by Miss *Anita Browne,* sponsor and organizer of Poetry Week through the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs. In August, Macmillan will publish Miss Teasdale's *"Christina Rossetti:* An Intimate Portrait." . . .

Zelda Fitzgerald, the talented wife of *F. Scott Fitzgerald,* has written her first novel. It is called "Save Me the Waltz," a title which, say the publishers, "is a cry from the heart of the woman about whom the novel is written, a woman who resolved to pay gladly for the freedom she deliberately determined to have." Scribner's will publish it in the Fall. . . .

From *Benjamin De Casseres* we have received a small pamphlet entitled "Prelude to De Casseres' Magazine To Be Written Entirely By Benjamin De Casseres (To allure the many from the herd . . . for that purpose have I come . . . Zarathustra)." Well, Ben, get on with it. . . .

Hamlin Garland has been spending the winter in Hollywood but will return to his summer home in the Catskills this month, bringing with him the completed manuscript of the third volume of his literary reminiscences which Macmillan will publish in the early autumn under the title, "My Friendly Contemporaries." This volume, based on Garland's diaries, brings the narrative down to 1922.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

(*Continued from page 794*)

Scholarship is represented in recent books, by a Harvard University Press publication ($4.50) *The Restoration Court Stage* (1660-1702) by Eleanore Boswell. This book is another step in the correction of our misapprehensions about the theatre in the century after Shakespeare. It deals with the strong influence of the Court upon the drama in its shift from romantic-realistic to romantic-escape, and is documented by the most careful investigation into production, patronage, and nature of the audiences. A specialist book but likely to be quoted in later histories on the drama. Also by Professor Charles Howard McIlwain's *The Growth of Political Thought in the West: From the Greeks to the End of the Middle Ages* (Macmillan. $5), a careful and comprehensive study for students in which one of the interesting themes is the author's demonstration that an absolute monarch in the Middle Ages was governed by his own necessity to obey what were called the laws of God and nature, the latter covering the private person's right to property, whereas in contrast the later theory of sovereignty inhering in the people has been based ultimately upon power coming from violence. Herbert L. Willette, who wrote *The Bible Through the Centuries,* now publishes *The Jew Through the Centuries* (Willette, Clark & Co. $3), a running history of the Jewish state throughout its centuries of history, a rapid survey of the status of the Jew through the Middle Ages and up to the present time, and a more detailed account of the Jew in the modern state. One result of the White House Conference on Child Health protection appears in the report of the committee on the school child. The book is entitled The School Health Program (Century Co. $2.75) and is a comprehensive survey covering private, public, Indian, rural, elementary, secondary schools and such subjects as nursery nutrition, medical service, mental hygiene, etc.

A. A. Milne, writing in the London *Evening* Standard of Lewis Carroll, says:

"Don't suppose that this strange Lewis Carroll was trying to amuse a world-audience, or that he was thinking, when once he had put pen to paper, of his Liddell girls. He was writing solely to amuse the strange Lewis Carroll, this childlike person whom he had suddenly discovered in himself. Sometimes one of the old Dodgsons would elbow his way in and insist on being amused, too. Then would come prolonged aquatic jokes about 'feathering' and 'catching crabs,' such as would appeal to an unathletic deacon and be the occasion of sycophantic laughter from a nice girl."

Milne goes on to comment upon the original Alice's vivid memory of her first introduction to the White Knight, and evokes the charm and glamour of that fantastic scene in the forest.

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